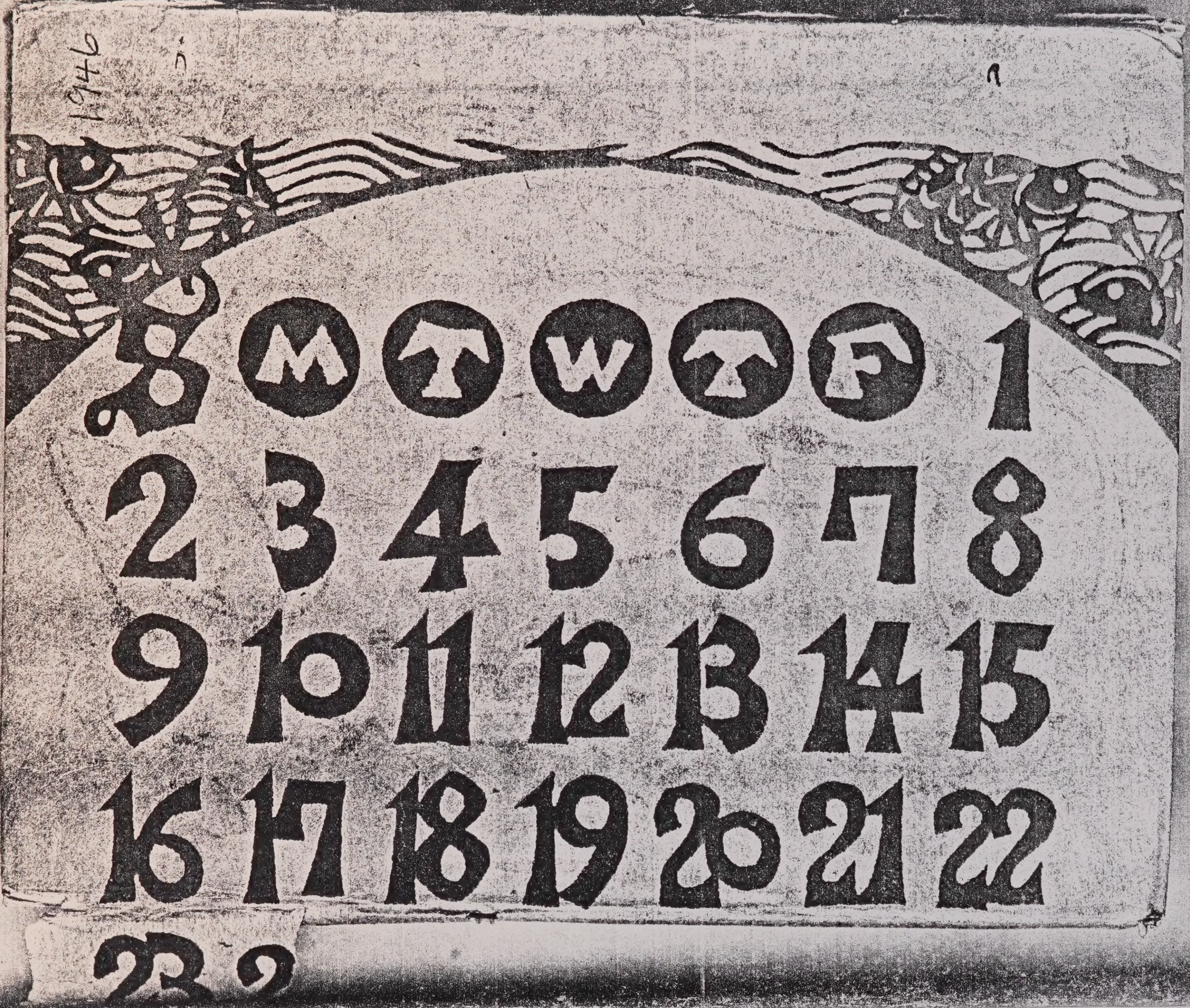
ELIZABETH BROWN

MIDDLE EAST DIARY 1946

1946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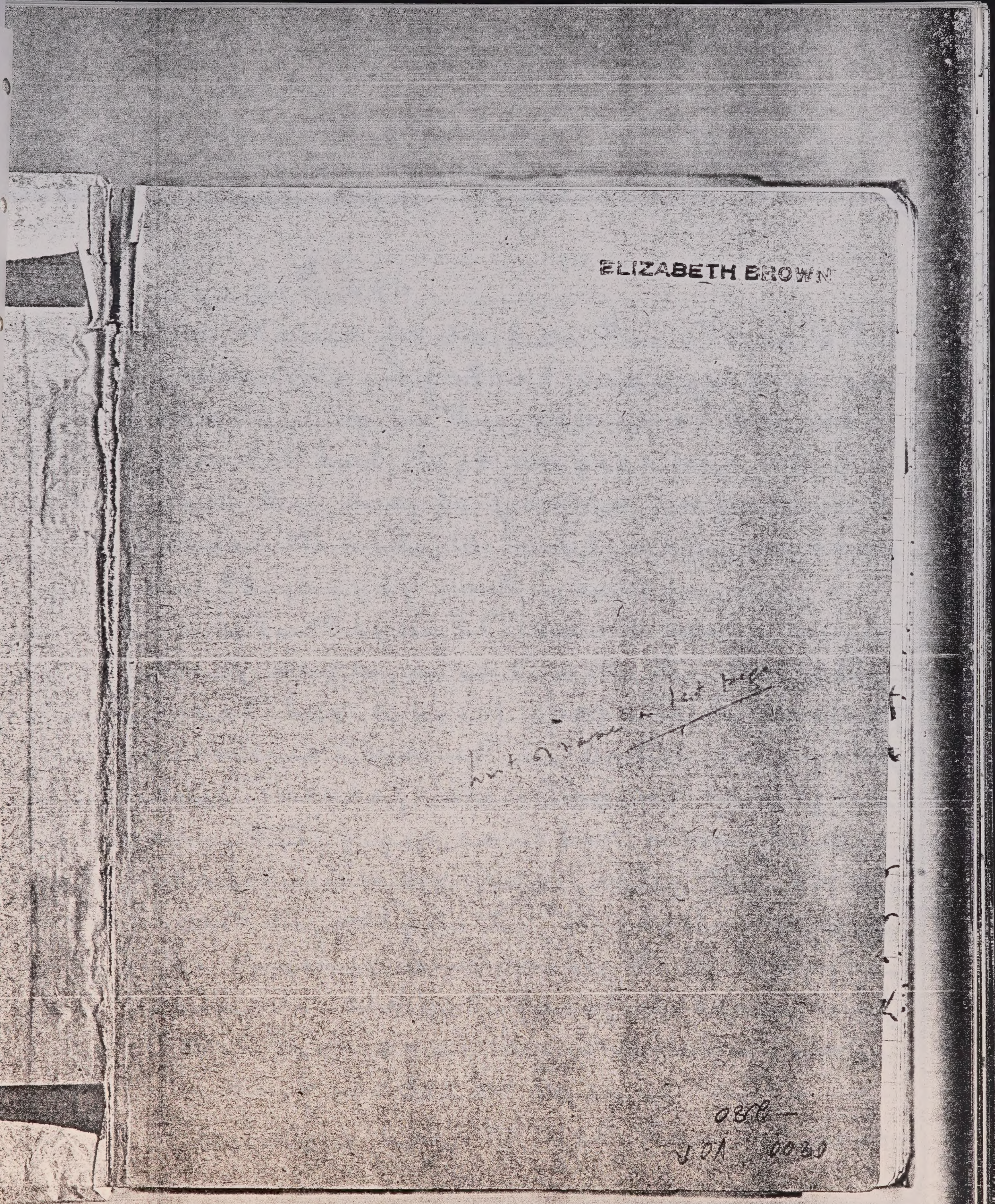
VOLUME II

Elizabeth Braun - Personal

JAN 21, 1946.

MIDDLE EAST - Palestine
- Cairo

VISIT TO TURKEY



ELIZABETH BROWN

List of names + last wills

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No Page 1

Jan 21st 1946

I've stalled for days on this - trying to think of something important enough for a new beginning in this volume 2! I've not found it but things are occurring, which while they may be of minor importance I know I'll wish I'd listed, when my memory needs jogging forty years hence.

Saturday night I was to keep a dinner party engagement with the Ricketts. I met her when I spoke to the University Women's Club at the British Council Room last Tuesday. She introduced herself in a way that pigeonholed her more quickly & I believe more accurately than I've ever heard anybody do it. "Ricketts - remember the disease and double the t's" - English humour alright - fairly obvious outdoor type - big homely brawny & housework hands, poor creature. So she'd called me & described how to get there. I stood

waiting for a bus no 8 for 25 mins, came in & phoned & got the street address & took a cab. Mrs R met me on the moonlit pavement at the top of their wide road. Before we'd spoken almost, an explosion in town went off - and another - then the sirens announcing terrorist activity - and more bangs during dinner and at 10-30 to 10.45. All traffic stopped of course & Mrs R walked me home - bright bright moon great swirls of barbed wire flung across the road down by the roundabout up from the station - A 'truck' parked at an angle to block the Traffic - Two jeeps with powerful searchlights fanning off thro the olive groves on either side & Military police checking us here and again at the entrance to the Y.

They were after the Broadcasting Centre in St Paul's Road. They didn't get it - minor explosions did a little damage - An assistant chief of Police lost his life trying to explode land mines

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and a young South African Captain, educated at Cambridge, attached to the British military centre for Arabic Studies, recently back from Christmas leave at Luxor lost his life - It is so stupid, useless, + dastardly - not doing one iota of good.

Good dinner in a cold tall bleak Arab house - dining room particularly cheerless. He's in the government - in charge of the cooperatives in this country. Says most aren't! Jewish "coops" are owned by Histadrut (the powerful labour organization) and benefit that rather than the people or members. Says Histadrut is capitalistic. They talked about Solel Boneh which is a construct. + surveying outfit - prospering well. It is backed by the executives of Histadrut + is expanding + taking in other companies + enterprises. Expect eventually it will cover Rutenberg power, Potassium works +c - in other words a monopoly with power

over the Histadrut membership, national socialism a la Palestine. their guests Gilbert Sale of Forestry, and the Chudley's (I think) of the Dept of Labour were very interesting. Sale talked freely. 700 million dunams in Palestine. about one percent available for government control or planting. He went on about the goats for quite a while - if they could be removed the land would flower and bloom - they grazed everything down short. Once fenced - the difference was unbelievable.

The Jewish literature & propaganda always makes a terrific point about how the Arabs have allowed the soil to be wasted - they do not continue to tend their stone terracing, they don't know anything about fertilizers, rotation of crops, drainage, contour plowing &c and so on - Jews criticizing Arab - as tho there were no dust bowls, no arid lands.

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anywhere but in Palestine. Yet the Christian Arab villages are evidence here that with the industry that goes with Christianity as opposed to the fatalism that goes with Moslem thinking the productivity of the soil can be very great - the whole valley of Ain Karem, John the Baptist's birthplace, is a green & lush bower - owing to the efforts of the Christian Arab villagers. The average Moslem village is poor, barren dirty & unkempt - their philosophy is that one is born rich or born poor, born on good land or on bad & there's nothing one can do about it. Dale says its very difficult to influence them - two years of talking by a government adviser can be undone overnight by a sentence or two from one of their own effendi. He says the wastage in silt from the Jordan is enormous. Discounts the value & possibility of the Jordan Valley Authority

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That day I had lunch with Mrs Antonius at her house - I met Nassib Boulos - Since then he's asked me out quite a bit - he has a bright mind. He's with the Arab Information Office here, possibility he may go to Washington. He's preparing a report on the Arab side of the argument - has read me what he's written - it's an excellent piece of work - concentrated in facts ideas + material, & well written. He's also read me, over the teacups in that nice house, some of his short stories on Arab village life - the sort of thing that needs to be done for this part of the world. I think he'll do a better job when he comes back from Washington, on this part of his work. Fresh new eyes to see of the scenes here will help him to catch the atmosphere better

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Social & Personal

GOVERNMENT HOUSE,
January 28

His Excellency the High Commissioner this morning visited the Dar El Awlad. He was met by the District Commissioner of Jerusalem, Mr. J.H.H. Pollock, O.B.E., and was conducted round by the Secretary of the Committee of Dar El Awlad, Nassib Eff. Boulos, who presented the other members of the Committee to His Excellency.

Jan 29

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January 28

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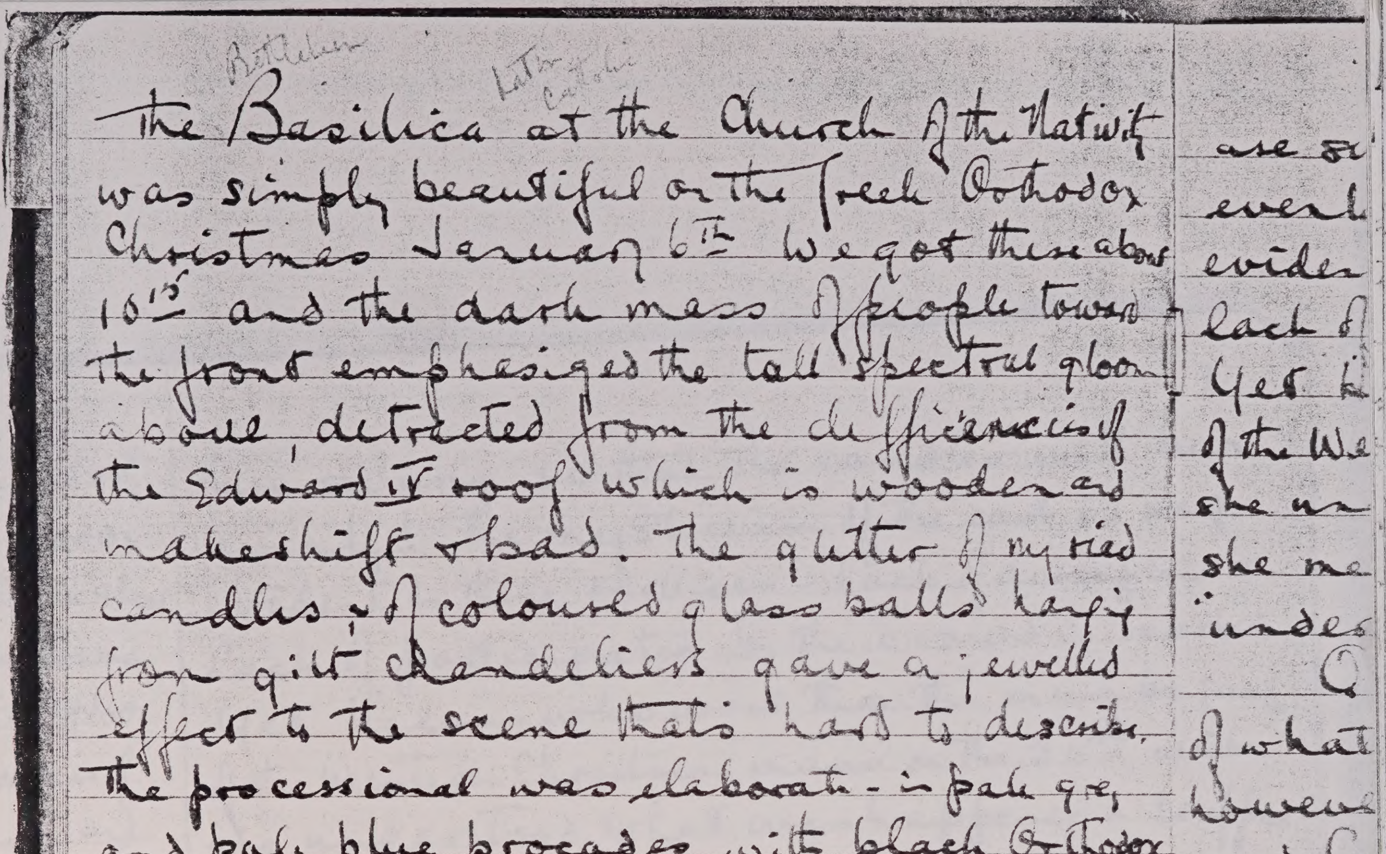
Yesterday we walked down through the old city and he showed me some new spots. St Anne's 11th & 12th century Crusader Church – beautiful in its simple grey stone, The Pools of Bethesda, the rim of the Mosque area, & from St Stephens Gate back to Damascus gate & up on the walls. We walked quite a piece around towards Herod's gate & sat in the sun overlooking all the grey stone uneven rooftops, the inverted bowl roofs as well as the flat ones, beyond to Kidron Valley, Mount of Olives, Government House Hill and all the street scene outside the wall & below General Gordon's Calvary & the quarries. We took a taxi to his house for tea – picked violets & red roses in the winter garden, and later joined Albert Hourani at the K.D for a drink. We had supper together – they are an intelligent pair.



Bethlehem

Latin Catholic

The Basilica at the Church of the Nativity was simply beautiful on the Greek Orthodox Christmas January 6th We got there about 10^{15} and the dark mass of people toward the front emphasized the tall spectral gloom above, detracted from the defficiencies of the Edward IV roof which is wooden and makeshift & bad. The glitter of myriad candles; of coloured glass balls hanging from gilt chandeliers gave a jewelled effect to the scene that's hard to describe. The processional was elaborate - in pale grey and pale blue brocades with black Orthodox headdresses - from transept to grotto & up and around the Basilica three times - finally to front centre & at the climax the chandeliers are swung to express the jubilation of the moment.

My Latin (or Roman) Catholic secretary Helen who is heavily emotional & religious has been filled up with the most dreadful this priests "line" on seasons. the candelier

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are swung so that the candles will burn evenly! The mysticism of the east is very evident in these services - lack of discipline + lack of participation by the crowd is marked. Yet Helen - who went thro the mumbo jumbo of the Western Christmas mass on the 25th - wishes she understood what was happening - I suppose she means as she and other Catholics "understand" all they're told to do in their services.

Queer this business. its all a matter of what's important to you - The contrast however in Helen's starry-eyed emotionalism and Collier's search for the simple essence of the business - his protestant reasonableness were interesting to watch - And my own aesthetic enjoyment - for that's what I find it boils down to - The pictures every way you look on such occasions - whether its the total mise-en-scène of this occasion or any of their others. The wrapt wonder in which most of the natives behold it, the beauty of individual faces facing the candles

and drinking is all they see - the acceptance of this as their religion, their pleasure, their sociable evening -- its all something to me to watch & enjoy - but it has no relation to a religious experience of my own - whatever that may be.

And on Sunday Nassib said he'd no religion - but if he took to one it would be to Roman Catholicism. He explains this by saying that protestantism has drained all significance out of religion by its rationalism. That religion must have emotionalism and mysticism in it or its of no value. There's much in what he says - and its quite characteristic that a young man of the east would find such a thing to say.

Its so interesting the contrast in his or other easterners approach to things compared with ours. Last night over

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scotches and sandwiches downstairs in the KW we talked about a host of things.

He comes from a village near here
a model village with industry and activity in it. His father was a doctor travelled to escape from his family of six sons. His Mother, a typical village woman who would not learn or rise to her husband's level in the community. Several times the village women came to his Mother, several times the simple men came to his father - to find out what it was the Doctor knew so that they could produce sons, when other people produced daughters, wanted sons & didn't have them!

There was little love between his parents. In 1932 his next youngest brother was killed in a car accident - and the Mother blamed the Father & has shattered the family relationships by continuing so to do.

Nassib says they weren't brought up - they just grew - He's had Beirut Univ as background - & law training here in Jer. He's exceedingly well read & alert to ideas. Looks and acts as any of the rest of us - is a spendthrift - ambitious and ~~has~~ a craving for new experiences & adventure - Has never been away from the M.E. - needs this - therefore I hope he gets the job in Arab Inf. Centre in Washington. He & Albert Hourani were talking Sunday evening about studying - Nassib said he enjoyed his studying most the time he returned to his village put on eastern clothing, Kaffieh and all and lived & worked with them there. Albert took a double Honours course in History & Philosophy at Oxford - Both his brothers are also Oxford men - Chas. is going to New York in charge of the Centre there - brilliant family - Albert is more typically Arab in appearance - in his

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manner of weighing his reactions. He is quiet - but when he says something its well worth listening to - Not the nervous energy of Nassik - more placid, silent and penetrating. Albert is writing a study of the Zionist case - and by his development of it he will work out the Arab case, as I understand it. Bright boys - good company - I enjoy them - but must watch my step in this community - as I've said so many times before that I'm tired of it.

Think its time I had a leave - I'd really love a good swing across new territory, new pictures, new people & their ways - and a chance to live some place for a bit where there is no controversy going on - what a relief! Maybe I can make Cyprus in April!

In Cairo

On Jan 10th 1946 I was one of six UNRRA girls to eat lunch in Polly Sedlak's room in Shepheard's Hotel - front - the reason being she could offer us a first class view of the procession - King Farouk of Egypt welcoming King Ibn Saud of Saudi Arabia - on his first visit outside his country -

The pavements were sanded - Egyptian troops in khaki with lighter khaki cummer bunds and red tarbushes lined the street two deep - The crowd is predominantly black and white - and brown skin. The main relief is the red tarbush and the occasional colour of European dress, but as I noted when I first came to Egypt her native costume the white or colourless galabieh and red tarbush for the man - the sombre black dress & veil for the woman - this is part of the muted and sombre effect that people call "sinister"

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The lampposts had green and white ~~flags~~ banners – those of Egypt with the crescent + stars – those of Arabia " " dagger + legend in Arabic. The windows + rooftops were crowded – The crowd on the sidewalks impassable – The terraces below us were rimmed with people and every window had occupants.

The private yacht brought this giant of a scarred monarch to Suez at noon – the train brought them both to Cairo by three – and shortly after the procession came by. Formations of brown horses with gold encrusted red blankets and gold encrusted red uniformed riders – white breeches, Tall lances and pennants flying – Then the big carriage with Farouk in his Naval Uniform with red tarbush – much gold braid + trim- very fat + pudgy man. And Saud gaunt relaxed, old, beautiful brown robes with

gold edging and red & white check Kaffieh – his enormous hands languidly acknowledging the roar of the crowd. Six horses with pink ribbon reins – outriders & out runners in barefoot with gorgeous breeched uniforms & turbans – then a flank in triangle formation of white horses similar to first lot all blanketed ~~in~~ brilliant French blue – Their riders uniformed in the same colour. Then followed fourteen open landaus each with two or four men – almost all Arabs in white Kaffiehs & black robes – a few Egyptian military. Then cars – the royal red packards and big black limousines and some British military among them. An absence of women – none in the procession – few in the crowd – It's been officially announced no women are to be presented during his stay – to him who has had countless wives – 42 sons,

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There are huge arches at Opera Square - by the English bridge in the form of the Pyramids - at various other spots around the city. For the following ten days traffic is to be intermittently held up while his majesty passes by - Much to Collie's disgust - why can't he move about unobtrusively. London'd be a mess if The King did This there". And one hears many remarks of bitterness at the £120,000 which are being spent in the ten days visit - government hospitality to a neighbour king and his entourage of 90 who are housed in a special palace - Mrs Stiven - Katy Antonius' sister says this is the last parade Egypt will see - in ten years there will be a complete revolution if the seeds of Russian thought continue to be sewn as they are being recently -

King Ibn Saud of Arabia

In connection with King Ibn Saud's visit to Egypt the following details of his personal life and the development of his country during his reign, may be recalled.

It is the King's habit to rise before dawn, read the Koran, say the morning prayer and

Theres no doubt its an event this thing of Saud visiting Farouk - Its his first trip out of Arabia, he's old now, and no heir has been named his country has entered into oil agreements with the Americans up to the hilt. Queer - Britain tapped Arabia for oil - & said it didn't exist there - a few years later the US tried & they hit it a bit deeper and will make millions out of it. They have employed 125,000 at the industry already in Arabia. There's much I have to learn about the inter relationship of the ME countries - Apparently after years of indifference & competition Arabia & Egypt are finding it advantageous to pull together. The former is

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King Ibn Saud of Arabia

In connection with King Ibn Saud's visit to Egypt the following details of his personal life and the development of his country during his reign, may be recalled.

It is the King's habit to rise before dawn, read the Koran, say the morning prayer and then sleep again for a while. After dealing with state affairs, he receives visitors. The evenings the king devotes to the reading of the Koran and to listening to reports on world news.

King Ibn Saud has 37 sons and 20 daughters. No one is allowed to mention the names of the latter. The Emir Saud is the heir apparent and his second son, the Emir Feisal — Foreign Minister and Governer of Hedjaz.

The history of Saudi Arabia is the history of King Ibn Saud himself. When still a young boy, he went into exile with his late father who was driven out from his homeland, Nejd, by his enemy Ibn Al Rashid. The family found refuge in the small princedom of Al Kuweit on the Persian Gulf. In 1901, at the age of 21, Ibn Saud gathered around him a small number of associates and against the advice of his father, moved towards his ancestral home, Al Riad.

In the summer of 1902, after many adventures and great hardships, they reached their destination. In the pitch darkness of the night, Ibn Saud together with twenty of his associates, the remainder staying behind, succeeded in slipping through the city gates. He found his way into the governor's harem expecting to find him there. However, the governor had stayed that night outside the palace. When dawn broke, the governor appeared escorted by a guard of twenty men. After a short hand to hand affray, the guard and the governor were overpowered.

This success, which was due to a combination of great personal courage, cunning and good luck, paved the way for his subsequent conquest of the whole of Arabia. Thousands of beduins gathered around Ibn Saud fired both by the religious ardour of Wahabism (the sect founded by Ibn Saud's ancestors) and the prospect of loot. The march of conquest proceeded. In 1904, Ibn Saud drove out whatever Turkish forces there were in Arabia except in the province of Hassa where the Turks held their own until 1913. In 1921, Ibn Saud had his greatest triumph when he conquered Hail, the capital of Nejd and the stronghold of his bitterst enemy, Ibn Al Rashid.

The following years were devoted to the conquest of Hedjaz, under the rule of the late King Hussein of the Hashemite dynasty and the fighting culminated in the capture of Mecca in 1925. Ibn Saud's last conquest — in 1927 — extended his dominion to the South Arabian province of Assir.

The area over which King Ibn Saud rules comprises one million six hundred thousand square kilometres, three times the size of Europe (not including Russia). The population is estimated both at six million and three million. the latter figure being the more likely one. Mecca is the capital, but as it is a holy place which non-Moslems are not allowed to enter, all foreign representatives have their seats in the port of Jedda. Riad is the capital of Nejd and it is in this city, that the king spends the greater part of the year, visiting Mecca only during the yearly pilgrimage.

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Husseini Leader Back

By Our Political Correspondent

tie with US & the latter with Britain is being cemented thro the "seeds of Russian thought" that are being sewn as I mentioned a few pages back. Apparently of the £150,000 backing the Arab League Iraq is paying the biggest proportion (two-thirds) Egypt agreed to pay £30,000 but has reneged and deliberately because Farouk is trying to force Azzam Bey (the sec'y of the League) to keep the control in the west instead of the east. Transjordan & Iran line up with Iraq. Syria & Lebanon with Iraq too and the reason for this latter is some personal relationship - a marriage or something btw an Iraquian princess and one of the top officials in Damascus - so Syria too pays to the League. Its time the Palestinian Arabs were brought back from exile & re-established, most have been its true but Jamal el Husseini, recently released & received by Emir Abdullah i Amman needs to get in the saddle again. This is the time Palestine needs her Arab leadership & the interest of the League to help her.

The Jewish press boasts that the boycott has not caused Ibn Saud to cancel his order for Jewish furnitur

Jan 27th. Since Jan 1st there's been a boycott by the Arabs of Jewish goods. And many are following it carefully and not buying Hebrew merchandise. It has meant however that some Arab labour has been thrown out of work when they are employed by Jewish employers. It is said that there isn't anything that one can't buy from the Arabs, except the things that used to be imported from Europe. It is perfectly natural the Hebrew industry should be repeating what it learned at home. Indeed that's one of the big arguments that there's nothing here that's characteristically Jewish - except the language - everything is copied from somewhere or somebody else - the settlements from Russia & Scandinavia, the mfg goods as in Europe or America, their architecture as anywhere else but with little design. Yet this is supposed to be one of the big reasons for establishing a National Home - so's to give pure Hebrewism a chance at expressing itself. In its orthodox form there is much of religion in it - but not here - it's been a deliberate deletion.

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for his new palace!

My temporary driver Awwad Isa Khleif drove to me down to Jericho in the Jordan Valley yesterday the after lunch. I'm stay'g at the Winter Palace hotel which sounds much grander than it is - I'll get a bath when I get back to Jerusalem. The board or stone floors have hand woven striped strip rugs on them - rather effective when new but they fade - I suppose fruits in an arid country don't furnish the depth of dye or colour they might. The clientele & staff are entirely Arab - except the night boy at the desk who has some Chinese in him - I wonder how he got here. To my amazement Osman the tall ex waiter at the Y is here, attentive as ever (see in Vol I re Abyssinia Search for the Body) and also another ex waiter from the Y.

I turned out in flat heels immediately and walked back toward the hills to the West of the Valley - Banana plantations lush and green on either side. Cypresses near the plaster or mud huts. Wire fences round orange groves & banana fields are big solid plaster pillars & board door as a gate.

There's a cement sluice running down the roadside with clear fast flowing water in it - apparently it comes from a spring in the hills and has been the means of supporting life in this area for 1000s of years. Yes quite a long while for the evidence that there was a city on this site goes back to Neolithic period 4500 B.C. On back up the dirt road on the rim of a Wadi that gains in depth as it nears the foot of the hills, the road turns to a foot path & the climb begins. The hills are reddish brown limestone & sand and the path after half an hour's time, zigging and zagging, sets you down in front of a Greek orthodox monastery clapped on the side of the mountain. The first entrance & flight of stairs gives the impression of entering a solid building a sharp turn right at the top of the flight leads one to a second flight with sky above and a row of door fronts similar to a street built into the mountain side along the back. The walk in front of these leads to the left along the length of the monastery - which is nothing but a row of rooms clapped on the mountain side.

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the Arab priest showed me through took me to the
left through the occasional room to a perilous
wooden balcony from which the gorgeous view
of the Jordan Valley - its greenery - its erosion - its
river - the Dead Sea and hills of Moab - in Transjordan
are to be seen - Then back along the walk - past
on the right an enormous cave built into the
rock with a huge fireplace at the back - trestle
table + ~~stools~~ in front - kitchen + dining room for
the brothers I guess. The tiny chapel has nothing
very special in it - except the flight of steps leading
up the far side to an upper level with small altar,
the Bible verse describing Christ's stay on the mount
of Temptation - forty days did the Satan tempt him
and the Angels guarded over him - The whole verse
is painted out and underneath the
caption "This is the place, gentlemen" !! - a bare
rocky seat below! the belfry has a set of seven
Russian bells - very handsome - Only four brothers
in evidence - the date of building 1892, As lone a vigil up
here as the goat herds in the wadi below. but there's been
a monastery here for centuries - for [illegible]
as above

countless

As I walked back down towards the town I was aware of the cluster of obviously artificial mounds + small hills that is thrown into prominence at the foot of the mountain-side. Obviously artificial in contrast to the level plain. And I wondered why somebody hadn't investigated it all - why the archeologists hadn't dug - So I wandered back by a round about route thro town - bought some Jericho oranges - which are all they're said to be - got home to the Hotel - to an Arab dinner and in bed by 8^{30} with Garstang's "Jericho". Seems the mounds are the early Jericho - and that they have been dug to a considerable extent in the trench system. Next day I prowled around on them a bit - and visited "Elisha's fountain" a spring in a pool. On the road to Beisan. About two miles out from town is a caliph's palace - built between 724 & 746 A.D. - it's said probably never completed because of the 746 earthquake. It's an interesting place - excavated within the last 20 years - beautiful carvings, arches pillars - a private mosque - and a larger one - pools

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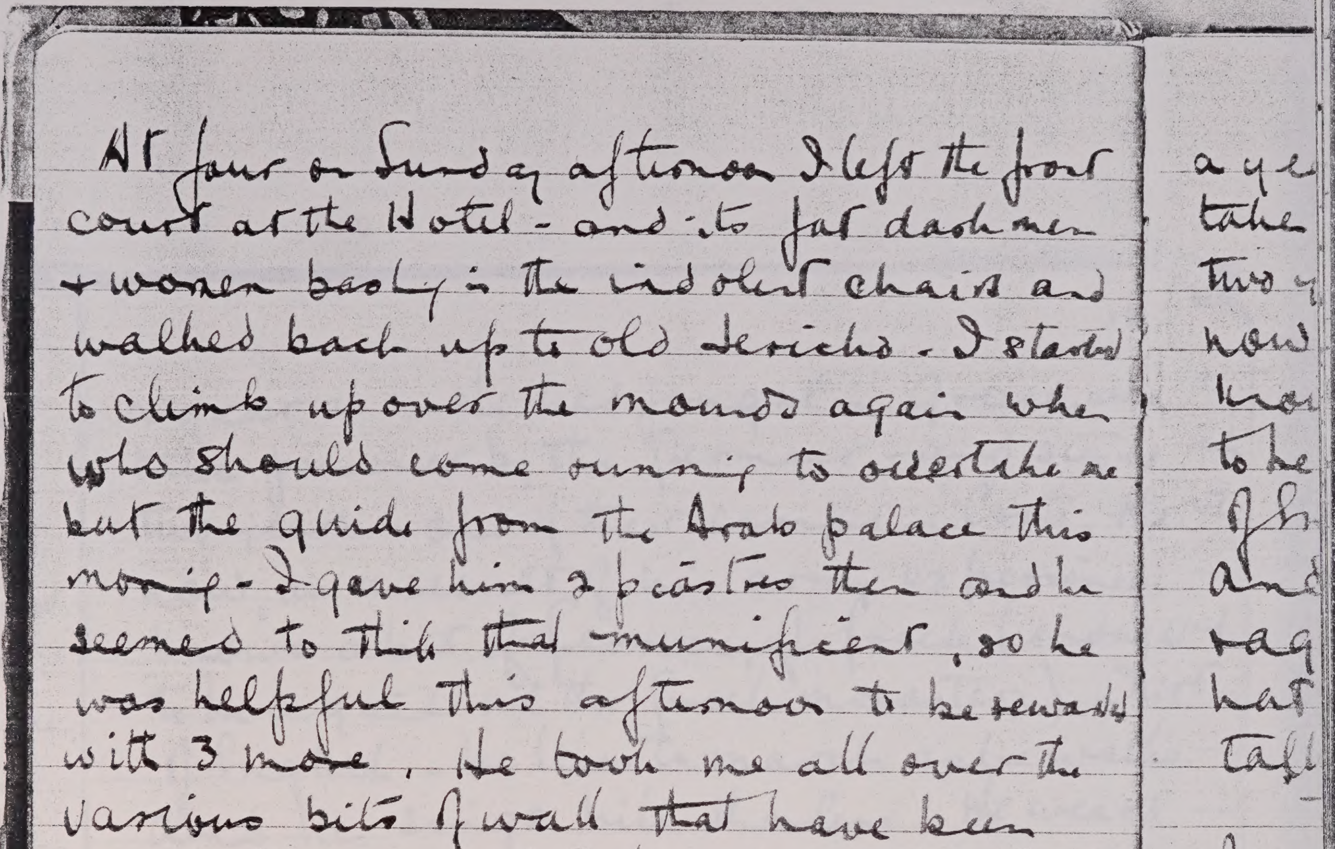
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] for water storage & for swimming - beautiful baths - one about 70' x 70' with raised island in it for basking parties. There is a great deal of mosaic flooring - but the one room - the harem and its raised mosaic dais under a wide carved arch is most unusual - orange tree design with a lion and two gazelles beneath - excellent workmanship, colouring, design - a beauty.

Seems the Califph liked the climate in the Jordan valley - came here from Damascus to get the warmth & sunshine in winter. He hired so they say Iraqian master craftsmen - & that is why the stone work - masonry & carving are so fine. I must ask Iliffe - Torontonian who's museum curator in Jerusalem - what this is about crosses - those commonly called crusader = 11th & 12th cent'y appear here & are said to come from the early Christian churches in Jericho. The walk back past Bedouins & donkeys across the fields was better than twice on the highway - (which word they never use here - its just road -



At four on Sunday afternoon I left the front court at the Hotel - and its fat dark men + women basking in the indolent chairs and walked back up to old Jericho - I started to climb up over the mounds again when who should come running to overtake me but the guide from the Arab palace this morning - I gave him 2 piastres then and he seemed to think that munificent, so he was helpful this afternoon to be rewarded with 3 more. He took me all over the various bits of wall that have been excavated - most of them look like layers of earth - brick thick - with layers of different coloured plaster or clay between - One wall is built of stone + has a flange part way down so that rocks rolled down at the enemy would bounce out and hit them. I asked my Arab guide if he knew of the synagogue mosaics - so he led me off up the road again to see them. And while we went he told me in broken English that he'd been four years in the army - discharged

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a year ago - He has fought in Greece, was taken prisoner by the Germans - and stayed two years in one of their camps in Crete. He now, as a result of his army experience - knows a bit of German, of Greek (enough to to be a guide at the Greek monastery) a bit of English - he likes to march as he walks and he sings Lili Marlene. He wears - ragged & patched army clothes, an afghan hat, and shuts a poor eye at you as he talks - queer customer.

The mosaics are in the ground floor of an Arab house which has been built over the site of an early synagogue 3rd cen I think it is. Only fairly interesting compared with what I saw this morning. Coarser & mostly small conventional design - with a Hebrew legend.

Coming home by sunset - there were lots of people having coffee at the cafe built around Elisha's fountain or pools - there were a dozen or fifteen women & children

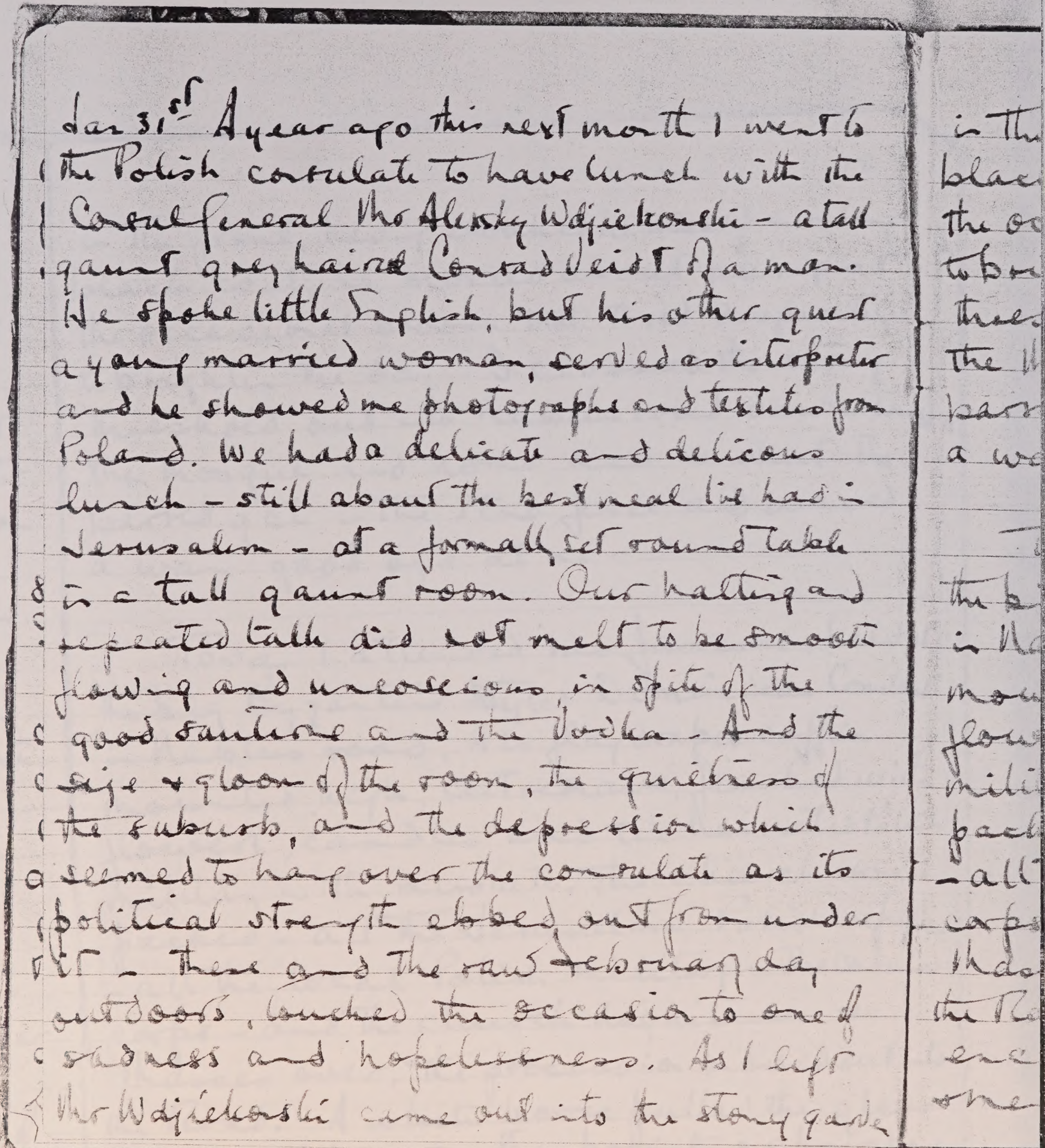
sitting on the grass atop the 5000 year old city remains. There was a young Arab policeman hatless out walking with his mother in a veil & his young brother. There were countless Arabs on mule, on foot and on horseback. Dirty ragged children crying backsheesh - veiled and unveiled women.

The valley looked beautiful as the setting sun picked out the formations & shadows on the Trans jordan hills - In the foreground the yellowy foliage of the banana plants, then the greenish clay plaster of the huts roof & walls are clay & straw, the deep dark green of the cypress and the amethyst hills growing amber way beyond. A great cloud of starlings flew up the valley - I don't think I'm exaggerating if I say a million of them

We had rabbit last night and when dinner came today I said to Osman it looks like rabbit again - he said "no its ragout"!

The Greater Syria plan is an idea to link
Syria, the Lebanon, Iraq and part of Palest
if it were partitioned; with Transjordan
the Emir Abdullah would be ruler and
the Hashemite dynasty would be dominant
This is supported by all but the Lebanon
within the group - she being largely Christian
would be swallowed up again in Moslem
controls. Egypt & Ibn Saud oppose it - the
latter as a Wahabi from the religious
schism pt. of view as well as from the pol.
view of competition of rulers - After all
the Saudi dynasty re-established itself at the
beginning of the century thru overthrowing Hashemite
interests in Arabia.

King Hussein, a Hashemite, had two sons
King Feisal (late) of Iraq - and Emir Abdull
whose emirate in T.J. was established
in 1921. The setting up of these two as rulers
caused a break with the Wahabi Saud.



Jan 31st A year ago this next month I went to the Polish consulate to have lunch with the Consul General Mr Aleksky Wdzięckowski - a tall gaunt grey haired Conrad Veidt of a man. He spoke little English, but his other guest a young married woman, served as interpreter and he showed me photographs and textiles from Poland. We had a delicate and delicous lunch - still about the best meal I've had in Jerusalem - at a formally set round table in a tall gaunt room. Our halting and repeated talk did not melt to be smooth flowing and unconscious in spite of the good Sauterne and the Vodka. And the size & gloom of the room, the quietness of the suburb, and the depression which seemed to hang over the consulate as its political strength ebbed out from under it - these and the raw February day outdoors, touched the occasion to one of sadness and hopelessness. As I left Mr Wdzięckowski came out into the stony garde

Jan 3rd A year ago the [illegible] [illegible] I [illegible]
the British Government to have [illegible] with the
Greek Government [illegible] — a bad
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in the front, having cloaked himself in a long black coat, he moved about peering at the occasional bloom that tried desperately to brighten the day. I crossed the stony threshold out into Nablus road down toward the Mosque and home and he shut the barred gate in the stone fence and waved a warm good bye at me -

Today I attended his funeral, held at the big Byzantine Styled Dominican Convent in Nablus road. His flagdraped coffin mounted high, centre nave, flanked with flowers, candles and tin helmeted Polish military with muskets. The church was packed - all the Jerusalem Polish refugees, - all the local Polish military - the consular corps - and the church dignitaries &c. Masses over, the procession moved out into the Road. A white horse pulled the glass encased hearse, the priests & choirboys & men ahead, chief mourners next and

consular corps following. Mr Graves of Labour Mr Thompson of the Secretariat with Mr Pinkerton for U.S.A. then the consuls of Iraq and Saudi Arabia — the Hashemite-Wahabi schism forgotten — the latter in beautiful black broadcloth robe & white embroidered Kaffieh. Then Mr Novak and me — and we talked business much of the way — the Egyptian, the Belgian, the French, the Lebanese & all the procession of military & civilian Police extending for "miles" behind. We walked Nablus road back to St Paul's road past Barclays Bank down to Mamillah road — they went on past Jaffa Gate & up to the Christian cemetery on Mount Zion. I dropped out near Jaffa Gate & hurried back to the Office.

His going — and he's suffered badly from cancer — seems symbolic of his old Polish governments and though he's followed & served it in foreign cities — in Sofia, in Istanbul and here — seems fitting that he should die in this Holy City — this city of feuds that lack solutions

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Feb 2nd Yesterday Mr Mikhakian one of the young men at the desk here at the Y- and a staunch supporter & active member of the Armenian church took me to see the Church buildings and activities inside the old city. Through Jaffa gate - at to the right - see Vol I Easter services - one enters through a big iron clad gate in the thick stone wall. Gate closed at nine nightly & opened at dawn - as for centuries. We visited the printing press where they issue religious books in Armenian Arabic, English & French. Hand-binding being done by elderly Armenians. Then through the priests quadrangle with wide cloisters & separate rooms for each off this, Trees and shrubs in the quad - peaceful atmosphere all through this place. A similar one - smaller and on a sharing basis for young men in Training - several hanging round with shorn pates & straight gowns - book in hand reading or chanting as they strolled. A fine lecture building - with a glorious old Aleppo Pine bowing over its entrance.

A big modern cream stone school - where 700 children - out playing now - take their elementary schooling - Armenian, English Arabic the required languages - they get history of Armenia too - gay dark lot of kids in gaudy colours - mostly red. A fine modern library. centre well of a room flanked with two storeys of stacks - nice stonework in floor - nice glass work in ceiling. handsome furniture - ugly rear wall - badly broken & ornamented. thro the convent - with a tree against which Christ is said to have been stoned. Quaint close old quarters higgledy-piggledy style clustered together & at strange levels - the chapel - small - tiles from the local superior potter in town - who is an Armenian - A chapel at the side which is said to contain the head of St James - this is the saint whose name the whole place bears. Back & around & through courtyards & upstairs out on the roof

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& a beautiful view of the roof tops of the Armenian quarter - and on to those of the Jewish quarter & its synagogues. And beyond the Mount of Olives, Mount Scopus rim of hills & the deep valley before Moab. From the other side the big roof looked out over modern Jerusalem with the Police barra part of the Citadel with the Turkish tower and the Old City Walls in the foreground - to the left the quiet enclosed gardens, lawns & trees of the Patriarchate. We went down another narrow & walled staircase & wound back to the main entrance of the big church of St James. It is supposed to be the most beautiful of all the Armenian churches - Square, four-pillared, high centredomed, well proportioned, yet its really not as large as might be thought - Its height gives it the spaciousness. Gilded reredos, steps before the altar - as used at Easter foot washing service - myriad silver lamps in hanging graceful oriental shapes - myriad coloured glass balls, and pottery balls on chains. Again the Armenian

tiles, many high gaunt greyed old paintings - indecipherable but good background - the hand woven rugs of this part of the world covering the stone paved floor, A large crystal chandelier in the centre - other lamps enshrouded with tan damask - still others - the gold ones removed till special days come. Two chairs toward the front - one so legend and Mr Mikhalian tell me - that used by the first Patriarch - each new one is crowned in it - and stands before it annually - otherwise it remains unused - mounted in an olive wood & mother of pearl case or cabinet. Another the Patriarch's throne used at all big services.

We went out and down the road to the Patriarchate, rang & entered & sent word in that we had arrived. We were expected and [illegible] to meet the Patriarch. He has a reputation ~~for~~ as a man of learning and good sense - is the youngest they

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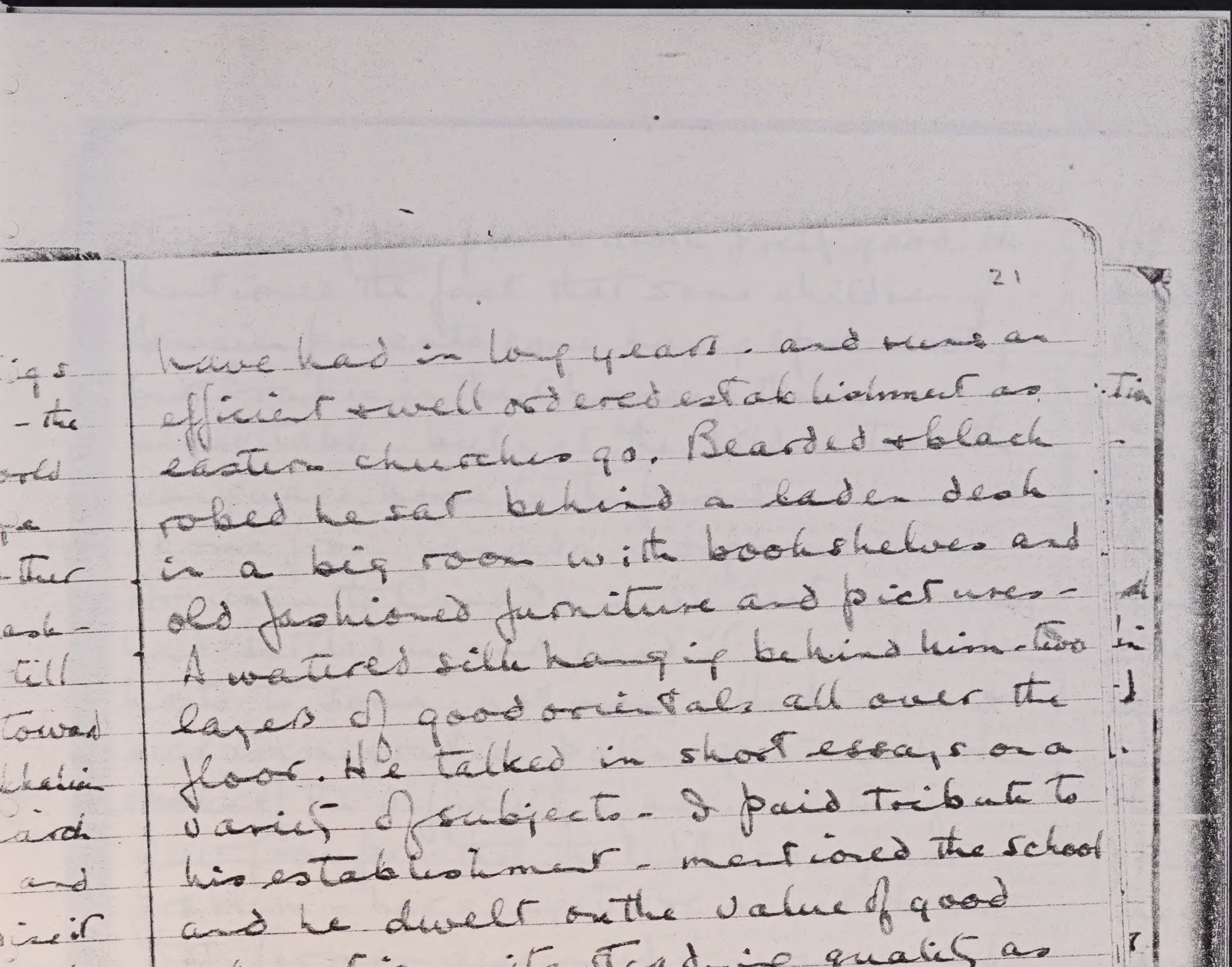

have had in long years - and runs an efficient & well ordered establishment as eastern churches go. Bearded & black robed he sat behind a laden desk in a big room with bookshelves and old fashioned furniture and pictures - A watered silk hanging behind him - two layers of good orientals all over the floor. He talked in short essays on a variety of subjects - I paid tribute to his establishment - mentioned the school and he dwelt on the value of good education - its steadying quality as against pure knowledge - attributed the world's distress to insufficient application to work & study in the youth of recent generations. Mentioned the difficulty of finding good teachers - some came from Armenia - wherever they could get them - difficult to find them locally - the gov't dep't of education knew that. Their courses standardized with gov't requirements. their

standard of discipline & work pretty good. He mentioned the fact that some children of Armenian parents come having spoken nothing but Arabic in their homes - this was regrettable - but yet the children took the language home to the parents. Where did I come from, Canada - orphans from Armenia to Canada in the last war - most had settled in and liked it - we had been hosts to some - not many - He knew our immigration policy quite well. He spoke of the difficulty of assimilation for new groups - that the USA had a great problem - her gangsters - yet the fact that German descended Americans had fought against Germany was outstanding proof of the success of the American method of assisting people to become assimilated. We had coffee in Armenian pottery cups - but for the barriers which his position inflicts on him, he would be a charming and intelligent person to get to know better. His Beatitude

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At some future date, when there's a holy day and the Armenian Treasury is open for visitors, Mr Mikhalian is going to show me that - its embroideries are supposed to be particularly fine. Young Mr M. is a devout and serious person. His father was a teacher in the school. They want him to be a priest - he considers himself not worthy of it. You can tell he would like to do something for the church - to really be a part of it - yet its going to take somebody telling him to do it, for the thing to come about. He said he wished I could understand the prayers, chants & masses, - that "the way things were expressed was really beautiful classical and yet such fine meaning: Think I must urge him to do something better with his time than work at the desk in the Y. It was kind of him to be willing to show me through yesterday - yet I really think he was proud to do it.

Feb 24th Sunday - whistling wind outdoors cypresses swaying & switching, rain and hail - and the last two days have been so glorious its scarcely possible to credit the change. Last Sunday they had snow that lasted till Monday here in Jerusalem - But last Sunday I was still in Cairo and despite dusty grey windy weather had about the nicest Sunday anybody could want, were they sojourning in the Middle East.

Breakfast in our room at the Pension Viennoise. Evelyn and I put on our coats to go get some flowers and drinks for the evening party. A big demonstration of University students came up the street Antikhana just then so the landlord Monsieur Pierre suggested we wait a bit. We finally roamed out to the Medan and on up Suleiman Pasha and back to Kasr-el-Nil - bringing Irish whiskey at £1.20 and delphiniums and Africa daisies for .80 p.

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I met Badia Bulos at Groppi's at quarter to one and we took a taxi out to Maadi to Dr Fares Nimr Pasha's house. He is the father of four daughters & one son. Lady Smart, & the son in Alex I've not met. Katy Antonius, Nellie Stiven and Babs the artist & unmarried one. The old gentleman is a bit deaf, is 92 yrs old, is the Dean of Egyptian journalism and has a mind a stream of conversation, or rather talk, as bright as any you'd want to meet. The day being grey and chilly, was considered horrible by Egyptian standards so they had four open grate fires going in various rooms of their perfectly beautiful house. We sat in the big spacious hall before lunch & had tomato juice or sherry and some of the native nuts with husks on that I always have trouble managing. The dining room is a big bright French doored room with a beautiful bevelled walnut table, yellow drawn-work & embroidery place mats.

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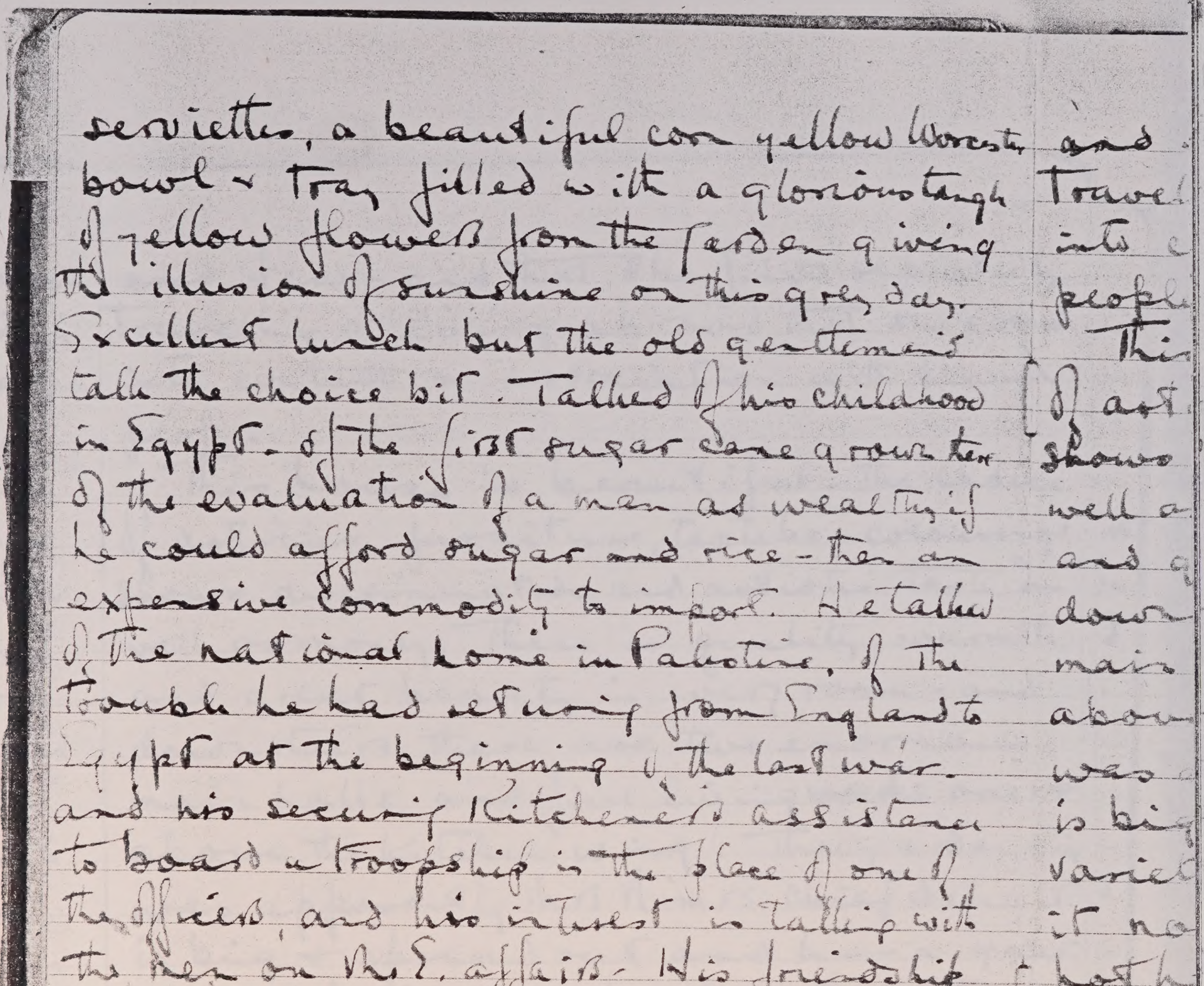

serviettes, a beautiful corn yellow Worcester bowl & tray filled with a glorious tangle of yellow flowers from the garden giving the illusion of sunshine on this grey day. Excellent lunch but the old gentleman's talk the choice bit. Talked of his childhood in Egypt - of the first sugar cane grown here of the evaluation of a man as wealthy if he could afford sugar and rice - then an expensive commodity to import. He talked of the national home in Palestine, of the trouble he had returning from England to Egypt at the beginning of the last war. and his securing Kitchener's assistance to board a troopship in the place of one of the officers, and his interest in talking with the men on M.E. affairs - His friendship with Kitchener out here, MacMahon and Lawrence. I could have sat before him for hours just listening. Nellie, who is married to an Englishman says she believes there's a natural bond between Arab

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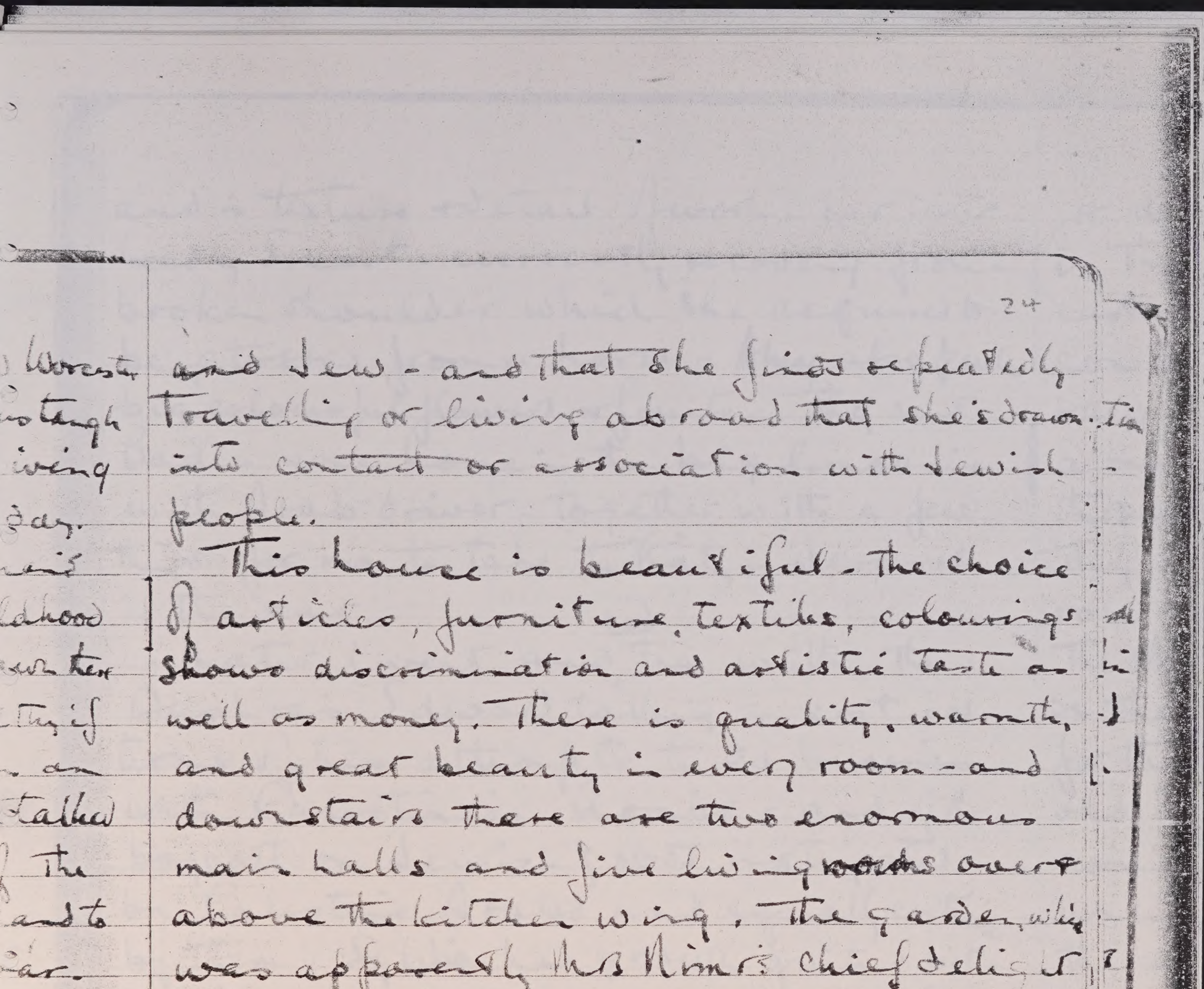

and Jew - and that she finds repeatedly travelling or living abroad that she's drawn into contact or association with Jewish people.

This house is beautiful - the choice of articles, furniture, textiles, colourings shows discrimination and artistic taste as well as money. There is quality, warmth, and great beauty in every room - and downstairs there are two enormous main halls and five living rooms over & above the kitchen wing. The garden, which was apparently Mrs Nimr's chief delight is big & spread out and has a great variety of plants & shrubs. Babs tends it now - is particularly devoted to a hot house which holds her big collection of cacti - of many more varieties than one usually sees. We picked pansies from four big blooming beds. Babs' painting is reminiscent of the modern French Rousseau - in design, in colouring

and in texture & detail of work. Her sister Lady Smart - currently recovering from a broken shoulder which she acquired by being tossed from a horse - Amy also paints - big colourful flowers & fruits. They sent Badia & me home in the big limousine with Arab driver - together with a few things for me to take to Katy in Jerusalem in the car.

Later I went and had tea with the Bushra's, Edward talking in critical terms of his attempts to do business with Palestinian Arabs - and of the boycott on Jewish goods instigated by Palestinian Arabs and equally criticised by them. Sylvia has grown quite a bit - she looks just like Warda - only her hair sticks out straight & unruly.

Selene Gifford, Augusta Mayersa, Marion Wilson, Katherine McCulloch, Deb Perty, Evelyn Rausch & I had drinks in Ed's [illegible] my room & went up to [illegible]

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for dinner before going to see John Gielgud in the Insa production of Hamlet. Wretched cast, he held the thing together and contrary to his interpretation when I saw it in New York he makes of Hamlet a man of decisive action - and/comes through the play with great gusto. They say this is his final playing of this role - considers he's too old to do it. The shows Insa is putting on are given in the Opera House - built here in Cairo for the world premiere of Aida. Very nice old gay gran Victorian affair - and a comfortable size. The large stage is unusual, & constructed of course for the elephant in Aida. Gameela Habashi Warda & Monir and I had a box here for the comedy "It depends what you mean" on Thursday. I played hooky from work in the afternoon - had an elegant but as usual too big meal at Gameela's in Kubbeh Gardens & it was all her party.

Monday morning Marion Wilson and I got ourselves and our stuff out on the pavement by 7^{30} when Oliver brought the Grey Hudson up to the curb. The ragged Arab boys + men were still picking up papers and cigaret butts in the streets. Kites still soared and mewed above in the yellow morning sky and the occasional donkey brayed shatteringly loud as he pulled his cartload to market. We drove up the road by the sweet water canal to Moascar and Ismailia. Women filling their water jugs + raising them to their head tops to carry home, men + women working in the fields, the occasional felucca on the canal; camels with clumsy loads plodding along in strings behind their fellaheen - in his only role of master. Women washing at the water's edge, the occasional ferry boat being hand pulled by a suspended pulley across the

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canal, men, children, camels, goats and baskets of stuff all going along with it.

After we got to Ismailia we found what we'd try to learn last night by phone. The Sinai road had sand drifted over it no traffic getting through. Now eleven a.m. and I asked Marion if it was ok with her to go to El Shatt the refugee camp down near Suez. She agreed and we drove down the Suez road past Bitter Lakes and on to the pontoon bridge that took us across to camp.

There used to be 40,000 Jugoslavs here. The total is now 4500 including the Greeks recently arrived from Dar es Salaam. Its still interesting to see kitchens, tent arrangement, staff compound and mess, even the Jugo's cemetery - with a tall lone monument standing up above the rolling desert. It was a useful visit from the point of view of the work - though Jack Hughes the O.C.

kidded me it took an act of God to get me there. We sat in the staff lounge - a mixed international group, British American, Palestinian Jews, Egyptians (I had a good visit with Mona Doss the dietitian & Halim's sister) Czechs, Jugoslavs, Greeks - and we saw the picture - White Cliffs of Dover - which does no harm in it's way of building international relationships. After a hot toddy - chocolate drink from the PX we went to our tent. As I walked back from the wash house, the brilliant moonlight reflected from the desert sands and tent-tops - it reminded me of my first nights in Egypt at Camp Maadi more than fifteen months ago! but the thought was soon gone, as the crunchy sand under my heels reminded me just faintly of trudging in the snow at home in Canada.

Tuesday after lunch Marion & I loaded the car and shoved off across the canal lower down & by ferry, and went on down for a quick run through the town of Suez. What a spot - one can imagine its atmosphere when the heat of summer comes - all the material for Somerset Maugham's demoralized characters - we were saying so as a thin faced Padre came up the street. Marion and I had only to look at each other to know we each had seen the slow death that comes to people who've known better places & lives - in such a spot as this. High three decker balconies on most of the houses, a French influence, a bit as found in New Orleans. Narrow streets congested with traffic and kids playing all through it, an air of tawdry cheapness about the buildings, shops with a scarcity of merchandise. Yesterday Suez was out of bounds - the nationalist

upsisings have taken the form of protest against the foreign merchants or business people here. The Egyptians are jealous & resentful of the Syrians, the Armenians the Greeks, the Swiss & all the other outsiders who have come into Egypt and made money. Badia says its because the Egyptian is outsmarted by all of these that this has happened, and that the present demonstration principally against Britain are symptomatic of a much wider resentment.

There were only a few troops around today however, hardly any navy and but few air force. Port Tewfik is more modern, better built, has a fine water front esplanade ending with a big monument with two fine stone tigers built in memory of the 5'000 Indian troops who lost their lives in defence of the Canal 1914 to 1918. Further up the canal is the big one to British forces. It can be seen for miles in all directions

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and is one of our first landmarks for the canal as we come to Egypt from Palestine.

Marion & I went to the French Club for tea - sat on the terrace beneath the warm Aleppo pines and the flamboyant Trees that must be beautiful here in May. The blue canal is very broad at this point and the amethyst hills of Sinai tapered way off in the distance beyond the Red Sea — which is not Red!

When we got to Ismailia we found the road was carrying traffic we settled into the luxurious Y.W. — room with private bath, & breakfast for 28 piastres or $1.12 which seemed incredible. Next morning we set out & made El Arish camp on the Mediterranean by lunch-time. Only once did we have to be dug out of the drifts, and shoved from behind - and at that point we had the luck to have three jeeps & a truck & seven paratroopers to heave us on our way.

It was good to have a session with Marion again - she was my roommate at College Park in Maryland where we trained for work with Unrra. She's a rough & ready Clevelander with a taste for drink, for reading, for music and people. Competent - had a rough time with a liver complaint since she's been over. Amazing how these Americans stick by themselves, read their own papers & books, see their own movies. But Marion has a bit of a yen for knowing & experiencing things while here - has made friends with Mona Doss, and was asking many questions about Pal Syria, Lebanon TJ, &c

Lunch at Camp & came on up through Rafah, Gaza, and Latrun to Jerusalem. Girls glad to see me in the office - We have six weeks heavy work ahead of us with the Czechs.

Arrived Jer Feb 20th

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Feb 24th – Yesterday afternoon I walked on the top of the old walls around the Old City – from Damascus Gate to St Stephens gate – or as far as the Temple Area where the way is blocked. Walls are about seven feet thick and its the inner yard of it at a lower level on which one walks. Time was when the ledge was used as defense area for men with muskets to put out through the narrow chinks. It is interesting to see how the whole construction has been put together with an eye to defence. Now its grass grown on top and I picked a dwarf iris and an anemone, there were heaps of tiny yellow & white flowers. By all odds the best view of the housing situation in the Old City is to be had from up here – uneven higgledy-piggledy stone buildings & roof tops all cluttered & congested together – bits of garden trees struggling up, court yards with donkeys washing hanging out, children dogs, filth & cleanli

May 12th - 20th Cyprus -

S.S. Polo - Italian owned ship - her crew anti-fascist pushed off from Italy during war years and came over to British side - Now runs twice weekly as a military ship Haifa to Famagusta and return - Four four-bunk cabins - for the "sisters" about 150 on board all in khaki or service colourings - John and Leslie on the pier to say good-bye - I let John kiss me - I'm still devoted to him and he seemed shiny eyed to say goodbye for he's off to UK next week.

We watched the ropes pulled aboard fore and aft waved to good looking Capt Hope the S.S.O. and leaned on the rail to watch the rounds of orange peel become rounds of blue luminous jelly fish - the sea turn from murky brown to a turquoise blue - The block buildings of Haifa all up Mount Carmel and the ships in harbour got smaller

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and smaller as we crossed the bay and went on up the shore past Acre and its walls towards the hills of Lebanon. Mugs of tea and sturdy sandwiches - "picnic conditions prevail". We leaned on the rail and talked and gazed and with this "in" with the skipper we moved up to the bridge and spent most of the hours up there. The moon came up and we pulled up our coat collars - and finally I climbed way below to the hot cabin and stretched out to sleep in my slip - following the example of my cabin mates.

The little ship takes a long time to crawl ~~along~~ up the coast over to Famagusta big spread out town sprawling around the focal point of the old city walls and the dominating 13th century Gothic cathedral capped on one tower by a minaret built when the Turks

turned it into a mosque - the harbour has a myriad of sailing ships and caiques - a merchant ship or two a destroyer - Alongside the water front the high old city wall is stacked with remnants of modern war supplies. A lone plain building - R.T. and Movements is flanked by sheds and the odd warehouse - a narrow gauge track leads off to the island hinterland. Big army lorries "Nicosia" labelled. We tumble aboard and are soon rumbling through the flat arid land that makes up Cyprus' northern plain. Mud villages - sometimes plastered over and whitewashed - goats - sheep with thin twisted tails - not far like Palestine - only an occasional camel - lizards & the odd snake - the fields are yellow-brown as the whole crops ripe - or dried already, with the burning sun - and its only May.

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Women work in the fields - sit on the sled with broad runners which the mules pull round and round over the hay to break the grains from the husks. They hold the reins and sit solemnly upright on a stool or kitchen chair, their faces and forms completely covered, except the eyes - almost as are the moslems - only these are Greeks and their blues and whites ~~give them~~ a more functional appearance - they are covered to keep out the sun. Women help in the winnowing, tossing forkfuls of straw and chaff ~~and chaff~~ in the air ~~to~~ ~~chaff~~ to be blown away by the wind. The grain remaining on the ground beneath. Women help in the road gangs - repairing the narrow Cypriot roads. they work in vegetable patches, they use the sickle, they carry produce - but not on their heads - Every body seems to work hard on the land in Cyprus.

From Nicosia a taxi to Kyrenia to the Dome Hotel - on the sea front - and I unpacked and shed my khakis in a corner single little room overlooking coast and sea.

Tuesday we had bikes and followed the coast road east through green farms and white stucco cottages past flowering gardens and olive groves till we came to a dirt road inland that we followed till it became too steep. We parked our bikes beside an old mill just across a stone arched bridge + started on up through the village Kazaphani following a farm boy in a pink shirt, blue jeans and a henna thing knotted round his head - He had two mules, burdened with sheaves of wheat - so wide spread they swished past the village walls - high on either hand. We followed the rubbly road - and river bed it almost seemed - till he turned into

a storage area under big olive trees - A few paces further he called after us and ran to bring me wild roses he'd picked from the bush near his house. Further on up, the road became an ancient cobbled paved strip in the centre of a wider dirt road on the edge of a ravine or wadi; that led down to the sea - the views becoming increasingly good the higher we climbed and the nearer we got to the Abbey at Bellapaise -

And suddenly there it was high above us. ~~and~~ We rounded the hill side and followed on up between close set buildings into an open area - village square on one hand, remnant of wall and moat nearby, and church close on the other. this is supposed to be the best preserved

early Gothic bit on the island - and its beautiful - Church Porch, vaulted & pillared interior, bits of frescoes, mullions then a lovely lawned cloister with beautiful pillars & arches and a big refrectory with rose window and deep recessed arched panelled window out to the valley & plain below and to the Sea - Some of the stone carving is lovely - the little pulpit a choice bit. - And the winery & storage rooms below were equally well proportioned & arched. A Roman tomb used by the monks as a water reservoir. An old Norman arched ruin of a chapel at the side. There were lots of bits that were good to look at.

We wandered back out to the village square - and sat beside a lovely tangled garden with snapdragon & larkspur wild roses, oleander and countless other things spattering their

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colour before us. We sat and drank Turkish coffee while the village reader, surrounded by the odd dozen solid citizenry, read aloud from the Greek paper on one side - and the younger men played cards under a grape-vine arbour on the other. A fig tree kept the sun away and through its big leaves the church belfry could be seen reaching up to a blue blue sky.

So we sauntered back down to our bikes - and back to the coast road - another mile along & we turned into another dirt lane toward the sea. On the coast - by a little bay with high bluffs either side and sand and surf in the centre - A white washed house and a thatched arbour with two or three tables. We had eggs & chips, good bread and lemonades and fig grapes for "sweet" and watched the swallows

countless

dip for flies in the noonday sun over the bay - and the magpie saunter along the bluff top. Four R.A.F. boys went back to their bikes and away - otherwise we had the place to ourselves - Later we did another mile - found another lane - that led to a bay to sun for M. + shade for me and good swimming -

Back to tea - to a lazy hour's Talk at a tiny table by the terrace rail overlooking the blue sea - away across to the snow capped Taurus mountains of Turkey. Each day Tea-time at the end of a days exertion brought exhilarating talk and unfolding of our thoughts and backgrounds to each other. And then we parted for an hour or so's rest + clean up - before a drink before dinner -

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Next day we took the local bus part way over the spine of mountains toward Nicosia - got off at the side road leading to St Hilarion's castle - a thirteenth century series of buildings perched on the highest crag of the mountain range. Church & monastery - wall & fortifications and royal quarters - the Queen's room &c. Interesting - beautiful views - but principally unique because of its perilous location - the model for Disney in his Snow White movie. Two miles in from the main road, we knew we had four to do down the mountain side and back across the fields to Kyrenia - The guide a young Cypriot who has lived in the castle as Hilarion the Second" as he calls himself, is employed by the Dept of Antiquities and is an unusual young person. He asked us in for coffee and we looked at his books & clippings, his flowers and his whole little menage while he boiled water on

his Primus stove and mixed a good brew in typical mid-east form. He is quite a student and his miscellany of books shows the breadth of his interests. He's studying English by correspondence with the University of Glasgow - and speaks it perfectly having learned it in school here. We signed in his book - and he came out to the mountain edge to show us landmarks for our route home - a lime kiln, a farmhouse, a small thrashing field the road here a path there. We set out taking it slowly the road along the spine or crest of the mountain then down part of the rough side till we came to a plum tree on a promontory above the rocky road. We ate our sandwiches - hard boiled eggs which "the Domie" specializes in - peeled our oranges smoked our cigarettes and basked in

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sunlight and shadow and the most wonderful expanse of mountain and plain and sea and far Turkish coast below us. An old man and a donkey passed below us "Kalimera", a dog way below, the odd bird or bee and otherwise a silence unbelievable.

Half a day in Nicosia, browsing round its 13th century Gothic cathedral St Sophia, turned into a mosque by the Turks, stonework whitewashed, pulpit and altars removed – a moslem reading stand, heavy oriental carpets throughout – minarets above the flying buttresses – a beautiful stone carved porch with three elaborate arched doorways – We saw St Nicholas church, and an enormous old Crusader–Turkish barracks two floored, be-pillared and arched – turned into crowded living quarters & stables – we wandered up and down narrow streets in rows of

shops and alleyways - Spent a hour or so at the excellent little museum with an incredibly good collection of the 3000 years of history that's been excavated + collected. Back to K in time for lunch and a good exploring trip round the town the harbour, its castle and byways before Tea

Next day up early. in uniform, with heavy coats (unnecessary) and lunch in knapsack - taxi to Nicosia to meet the army welfare trip up the mountains - All day outing. its only 70 miles Nicosia to Troodos - + the climb to 6400 feet is all in the last third of the trip - a perilous route for a big army troop carrier. We stopped with an overheated engine in a village where we got coffee in a cafe overlooking a deep ravine with a waterfall and coursing torrent down

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its depth. We finished and asked the driver to pick us up on up the road. We did two miles climbing - out of the tidy little mountain village, with its snug little roadside houses and fig trees, its overhanging balconies its healthy children, its lush green growth and fresh clear atmosphere.

Next stop at Troodos in a fairly level open area with big pines a bit like the Douglas - there's a similarity to Arrowhead or Yosemite terrain in California - but its higher and has beautiful views. We walked out the road toward Mount Olympus on and on - got a wrong steer from some natives - wasted much good allotted time following their silly advice - retraced our steps, and M, who had been up before, insisted we climb for he didn't want me to miss it - Straight up its broken

rock front, perilous footing, landslide of rubble and cut rock & all - We'd struggle a bit, stop for a breather, on again & on & on - till we finally made it - the snow and the summit and the gloriously rewarding views. No time by now to stop for lunch, we fished eggs and sandwiches out of the haversack and explored for the more easily handled trail going down - We were overtaken by a school outing from Troodos & a village in the valley Lefkonika. Back to our lorry and on down 7 hairpin bends to be done by Ying only in such a big vehicle - Down to Platres - lovely old resort town part way down - and on down down with elegant views out toward Limassol &c through the pines. Back in a taxi with three other officers to R - dinner

and to bed -

Every day full of exploring adventure of bathing, of sailing, of walking, of talking and a growing warmth and goodness in the relationship. Walks along the harbour front after dinner in the evening with the surf rolling or lapping on the rocks the moon flooding the little white church the jetty and the sailing boats like day - Never have holidays slipped by like these, never has there been such a happy combination of things to do and see in such a lovely place to do and see them, nor seldom have I found the rare soul who enjoys doing and seeing the things I do - What a joy and a radiance the days had. "Because it happens I'm in love with you"

June 23-

Taxi at eight to Beirut - quick uneventful trip - stopped at a big Arab cafe in southern Lebanon for some lunch - We had good oranges - now over in Palestine but still good up here - Hotels full - finally found a tacky room in The Hotel d'Orient - oh for one night.

Taxi at three next day - Monday - to Tripoli Business men in the car - arguing about the British with great vehemence all the way - They're all on the the one side - against. It's going to take a lot of doing to right the attitude toward Britain in this part of the world - and I wonder how much people at home know about it - Deep running resentment, loss of faith in

This morning I walked through Beirut - along the waterfront, up past Jakhouri's - along to the Security Office - to get exit permit - Quiet streets - French influence everywhere - sunshine children trees in bloom - behind me an English accent - young woman walking with a Frenchman from a travel office - "But is it far to walk - you see I shouldn't

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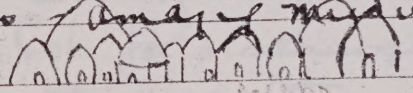
walk I sprained my ankle." He explained it was necessary & that she had to go in person to get exit permit that everyone had to go "But I'm British" she piped - quietly he said that didn't make any difference she talked so loudly, so conspicuously in the office about an alternative way of flying to Cairo from Lydda - that they fixed her up in a hurry - Really one blushes for Britain to have such creatures at large - and there are so many of them

In Tripoli I left my bag & musette bag at the taxi place & set off to see the town - By luck ran into their souks - then climbed to get a view and met a man back from the Gold Coast who first told me a bit about their fort or barracks on the hilltop - then insisted on walking with me back over the hill top to a view of the river - down another route to centre town - and left me at an Arab restaurant - Big old rooms - screens of musharabia Syrian or Damascene ceiling - good wood work - though modern renovation a bad job - Food Arabic of course but good - dinner to 4.40 Syrian = one £8 = 11 piastres = $1.98 + tip. Caught train at 9.

Aleppo

June 25

Syria in the north is just as the pictures one's seen great flat tracts of land some green & fertile some pretty dry & barren – spreading way off for miles to end in a rim of low spreading hills on the horizon – lots of good ploughing done here – weeds are strong – have lovely yellow & purple flowers – nettles – must be heart breaking to get rid of them from among the crops – to the fellaheen – Villages of beehive huts – amazing mud work affairs –



Aleppo

Got out at Damascus Station – carried my own luggage through to the front – went with a driver to his gharry or "araba" as they're called here – My suit case in – I was about to follow when a second driver turned up and tried to argue the first one out of having me – they each had a hand on my suit case & the Arabic got louder till finally the handle snapped –

I stayed at the only hotel the "Baron" very nice – good taste – good food service – plain & comfortable except that the city water supply tanks

£S. 22.50 for one at 3 bkfsts & 2 dinners

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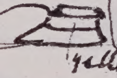
I wanted to meet the famous Dr Altounyan - 90 year old surgeon, Armenian - and legend in the M.E. - His son Col. Ernest - my unending supporter for my military needs in the work in Adm Office - a direct line for me to Paget the General in command of the E forces. He is now in England - i.e. the Col - for discharge - so his daughter & son in law - the Bolo Stevens told me to look up the Lewonians at the Brit Consulate & meet the Dr thro them. What a day I've had as a result of the suggestion.

After breakfast I called Mr Lewonian & he said well first let me send the car for you so I went & had a few minutes visit with him - then went to his flat - met his wife & three daughters - one of whom took me round the souk. Back for lunch en famille - to the hotel for siesta & change - they picked me up & we went to the Altounyans for tea, through his hospital - to the Citadel - ices at a cafe - Penny (Arpine) had dinner with me - then to his clubs terrace &c

They were exceedingly kind – Armenians – they are envious – as would any of them be – of my going to Turkey – that country admits no one whose name ends in "ian" – Plain hard working people – humourless but kind & buoyant – Two younger daughters very good to look at.

The Souks have heaps of atmosphere – 20 miles of streets practically all arched over like the ones we call Crusader streets in the old city in Jslm. Most merchandise is modern – materials, shoes, foodstuffs, leather, wool gold, silver – very little for a foreigner to become interested in – unless he's room to carry native women's shoes (skunk in bright yellow, bright blue + magenta  heavy heavy oiled sole like a moccasin yellow – I'd love a pair for fun only – but hesitate to cart them thro customs off 5 pr in + out of Turkey + or a big copper pot – or a rug – or aba – I priced a typical Kaffiyeh in red + white check £1.25 Palestinian or $5 – a little bigger than a yd. sq. + cotton

I asked "Penny" if their souks had any old things – pucker or kosher native stuff – She asked a young Armenian and he said he'd,

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go with us which he did - He led us up a staircase in a courtyard - away along a gallery and unlocked a shop filled with stuff for the tourist - & pretty poor at that. Wanted to show me brocades - I refused - instead saw native embroideries - some Persian bits - but nothing worth the top prices - or nothing worth having regardless of price - The young Armenian proved very helpful in showing us round - He took us to the largest of the Mosques - in the centre of the Souks - with its stubby square tower making it date very early - Big courtyard & pool, arched colonnade, and inside while its plastered & painted over in "modern" style the proportions & spaciousness are there - and there must be 500 beautiful oriental rugs lying cheek by jowl all over its big floor - gorgeous colours He took us to Khan-el-Ozier - one of the most famous of what I later found to be numerous old caravanseries - They are large courtyards enclosed by two storey buildings & entered by an arched gateway the thickness of one side of the bldg. Heavy studded doors - cobble stone or paved court

Alep being the crossroads from Asia thro Mesopotamia from Europe from Africa & Egypt - the Trade routes all met here even more than in Damascus - Consequently these Khans were built to house camels & mules below - master family & servants above - and storage space for the wares - These buildings have out lived their original purposes but have been used variously as shops, as workshops, storage space or living quarters - I saw many such in Cyprus - but only here have I heard them called Khans & learned their original use.

The street of leathers was particularly lovely in its colouring Sheepskins in great stacks - a burgundy dying lot had just been turned out and the men's cotton gowns had acquired varying degrees of the shade. Shafts of sunlight down thro the tiny grilled ceiling skylights. a dusty beam picking out the red in brilliance. The murky shadows of the background alcoves giving depth & warmth to the picture. One can't possibly capture the experience of places like this Much of the effect is congestion, contrast, quick changing

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-and detail that one has grown to accept- Much of the contrast is so quick & fleeting that its lost in writing it down - a man in black ankle tight baggy bloomers - grey cumberbund & dirty white shirt - bright red slippers and a pale blue turban - A man with a coffee urn - and his bang banging clappers busy in the left hand The urn is beyond description - brass, big bulbous asymmetrical, Dingle dangles on its nozzles - beads around its middle a fascinating gargantuan monstrosity a one man travelling coffee stand. A donkey stacked high with boxes - or broad with rugs or skins - A grey damasked Galabiehed dandy with tarbush spitting cherry pits, veiled women - peaking thru their scrim with curiosity - even envy at the brazen foreign gal. Old men in robes - disdainful - gorgeous fingering their beads or smoking their long tubed pipes - great cafes filled with them - just sitting talking all hours of the day.

The citadel in yellow stone is impressive in its age - 4200 yrs old i.e. the site - its size - for its immense - its dominating location - It has dungeons - built by the Persians 550 B.C. similar bricks to the Romans. It has a mosque throne room with beautiful proportions - and a tower from which to see Aleppo by sunset. Grey & muted it becomes enlivened when the sun casts its colours over it - Natural limestone - fairly flat low buildings with the occasional minaret - a sight

Aleppo is "muted" compared to what it turns out to be - a much more interesting city than Damascus the capital. Larger - 350,000 - its buildings older more artistic - less cheap modernism though some - less corrugated iron roofing as in Damas souks. No prevalence of water as in D's canals & river - rather a burning noonday heat with fewer trees than could be grown.

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These are 100,000 Armenians here - most having come from the villages of Alexandretta when the Turks talked of taking it over. They have been crowded into the city - many have had work for as long as the war lasted - but are now without any prospect. and as Christians in a Moslem country - (a country which has recently secured its independence from Christian France - and therefore restated its Moslemism) they feel their future insecure. When the USSR offered to take back any Armenians who desired to come 60,000 signed up - How the move is to be financed no one knows - Unrra has declined - These are World War I refugees - & no funds have been forthcoming from any country or voluntary society worth speaking of - No help from USSR except reception. The Roumanian ship Transylvania has been chartered without food or service - and sailed from Beirut with the first 1000 this past weekend. All available monies were used for this including funds now in USA to provide modern shoe industr

for Armenians here - held there to purchase modern machinery as available & to ship it here. This project is being badly handled - Selection of those returning being made on basis of vocational skills - USSR's dark hand, They're being done on their shipping - Roumania as usual out to make money only - Apparently their need is great - There's no hope of their moving other than by ship - since Turkey declines to allow any Armenian even transit through her territory. Wonder if this kind of a group will be included under resolutions of whatever new organization is formed.

This pencilling is done in the Baghdad Station in Aleppo - the train from Baghdad was due at 9.15 but the Syrian crew wants more money and went on strike at a town 15 miles outside of here - It's now 3^{45} and here we still sit - a day I could have used in Aleppo - wasted in the station. ... A train of boxcars rolled thru 7 of them filled with ex French soldiers & their fami

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'Shishman Pasha HBM Embassy Beirut" - the Lewonis's dog. - the T. offs autoed the fat lady likewise! 42

for [illegible] - They're now all parked on a siding down the line - Seems all trains all over the country are stopped - and how long it will take them to settle the strike dear knows.

We slept in the parked Pullman that night and next morning there was a restlessness & irritation begining to show in the passengers. There were 13 Turkish officers in the Pullman - a fat Armenian woman who lives in Turkey and a "63" year old business man a Turk - returning from London. The officers were a cheerful friendly bunch & they had been to see the Turkish consul to get his assistance. By late morning they came trooping down the platform - they had got his help on arranging to get a special train sent to the border and ~~his~~ sanction on their hiring ~~taxis~~ to go catch it. There were to be Trucks sent for the third class passengers. There were 13 of them they were sure that's what had brought on this bad luck, would

I go to make it 14 and change it!?
In the end the other two - and a family of
three - the Savaskans - Turks returning from
Afghanistan where he'd been a lecturer
in the military college there, they'd come on
the other train from Baghdad - all set
out to do the 117 kms in four taxis and
a station wagon full of luggage - it cost
us 20 Syrian £ apiece that is 2.500 Pal or
$10. and the 70 miles or so took us from
1.30 to 6.30 to do it. Station wagon had one
puncture, all cars got a refill of petrol,
and three times these Turks spied a wellhead
a spring or a fountain where they could get
a drink of cold water - and stopped the convoy
to do it. They were really a good crew to
travel with and wouldn't let me lift a
hand to anything. The Syrian countryside
was lovely - broad rolling plains with
plenty of cultivated land - some vineyards
many beehive-hut villages - toward the
north more rolling hills & deeper valleys.

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At Meydan Ikbes the border village - huts and four immense stiff houses by the railway track we had a wait of half an hour or so - most of which we spent in the "Bufe" drinking an iced orange drink with tea in it which was very good and a Turkish coffee - A row of peasant women sat over by the rush fence dandling their babies and eyeing everything that we did - The men shuffled round the Bufe or sat talking & drinking coffee - playing with their play beads. Finally the train pulled in - and the stacks of luggage - much of it brand new camel skin suitcases which the officers had bought in Haifa was put aboard - There were baskets & canvas sacks & strings of bananas too. There had been so many requests that I help get things for their women folk across the border that I finally ended up with another suitcase as "mine" - It contained a persian lamb coat & muff

an evening dress, bathing suit, handbags. cigarettes, perfume, cosmetics, toys, piece goods & some of my things strewn all through. It went through fine and the job of reshuffling things later was quite a business. Passport & customs check were at Islahiye where it was just turning dark. Ihsan who spoke the best English ferretted out a round loaf of dark bread & goats cheese and a cup of grand ice cream - a welcome meal after no food since breakfast. Later I went to walk on the platform and a big tall one of them said "Voulez vous un café Mademoiselle?" He escorted me to the vine covered outdoor kitchen chairs cafe and seemed relieved to find eight of the boys already there - my first Turkish coffee in Turkey was good - even at a lowly place it would be here - and the gaiety and sparkle of the boys was wonderful that evening - we had such fun - till the spindly musical little train whistle blew

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First night in Turkey **

and we hopped it for our coaches.

At Fevzipaşa where we arrived at about 10^{30} – we were told we would stay till 3^{30} a.m. So we settled down to try to get some sleep – The woman from Afghanistan chatted endlessly to Ihsan in Turkish, insisted on having the window closed and the light on and what was much worse – the bed bugs came out of the upholstery. I finally instead of taking to the platform intermittently took to it to stay. Walked up and down several times under the stars with the cool wind blowing down off the mountains in the background – discovered which was male & which female of the two outhouses – entered the right one to meet a man coming out – looked over the stock on hand in the wayside kiosk where the storekeeper was sound asleep with his head on the counter – wondered how many of the prostrate bodies on the platform were inmates of our train and

finding a cement doorstep none too comfortable I stretched out on the platform at the front end of the front box car on our train and went fast asleep despite the high green arclight above me - At 3^{15} I awoke and decided I'd better move before they moved me - Three tracks over I watched the young engine driver stoke up his engine with so much swing and spirit he'd have had us in Ankara by dawn if it were left to him. I watched him shunt his big Krupp engine down the tracks and back down our track - and then I went back inside - picked a solid looking suitcase in the corridor & curled up there for the rest of the night. I didn't sleep - the dawn in the hills was too lovely - Before we left - I must finish setting down details of the young engine driver - - he came swinging through the train - looking into every compartment so interested to see all his passengers

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and [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] round [illegible]
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At [illegible] by [illegible] we [illegible] the
the regular daily trip to [illegible] and
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] but still [illegible]
shopping [illegible] I'll hope we get our own
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that [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] to [illegible]
watched a bit but that [illegible] the [illegible]
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to the Park Hotel [illegible] restaurant [illegible]
[illegible] place with very good [illegible] [illegible]

and Kadri was particularly attentive to seeing that we had a good meal. We set out to walk about the old town a bit - K met a friend & left us & Abdullah & I did a bit more then took a bus back to the station just in time to see the Lebanese president leaving in the Turkish president's special train - canary yellow. There was a guard in white tunics and winged helmets a bit of a crowd and much fussing by station employees. Adana has an old congested section with an old mosque & shops - but it also has a wide streeted modern section where the trees shade the sidewalks and the boulevardes are lined with sumptuous big solid houses with formal gardens fountains & cement lions all about. This is Turkey's most fertile farming centre and cereals & market garden stuffs are grown all around - but most particularly cotton - fortunes have been

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and did not [illegible] particular attention to
anything. We had a good meal then set
out to walk about. The old town is [illegible]
all built on a [illegible] hill [illegible] a [illegible]
[illegible] which didn't amuse Ma, took a taxi back
to the station, & had time to see the
beginning of [illegible] in the Turkish
quarter. It [illegible] from [illegible] many yellow
there was a great white tower made
[illegible] because a half [illegible] around and
[illegible] by Italian employees.
[illegible] an old [illegible]
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made in it and still are - I'm afraid this city gives one the impression that feudal farms still exist despite Ataturk's revolutionary ideas. One of the boys tells me however that there are many more small holdings hereabouts than there used to be and that they have cooperatively owned equipment - Ataturk's fear of communal development however led to the enactment of a law which allows only one quarter of a man's land to be tilled by jointly owned equipment - His excuse; "that a man must not be deprived of the joy of tilling his own land." !!

We saw Kayseri (originally away back another Caesarea) where textile and aircraft assembly have developed - and Kirikkale where army guns & equipment are made - wonderful new workers housing project by the Ankara riverbank

Turkey's flowers are all in bloom - poppies - red and bright orange - broom - thistles

queen annes lace, bedstraw, cockle, a deep blue wort of some sort - two lovely pink things one a raspberry shade - heaps of daisies and a yellow thing reminiscent of our goldenrod but not that - several others I never saw before - a lovely pale blue feathery thing that sprays itself all over the land till it looks like a mist at the foot of the mountains - Erdjias second highest of their mountains was snow capped, flanked by great green hills and below the broad green plain that stretches out for miles all round dead level - It was there symmetrically perfect when the conductor roused me at 6 the second morning - simply beautiful like a Japanese print. I slept better last night - more room - more air - more quiet - about the same number of bugs - and oh how dirty I am - My shower at the Baron Hotel in Alep

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I have not seen
John C. since
last night nor
spoken to him!!!!

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on Wednesday morning seems months ago - the train is filthy. there's no water in the latrine at the end of the car and while I peel off what I can on a wet washcloth I have - its getting so dirty its of little use. Two days late - arr. Sat instead of Thurs. night

I had many troubles on that train too - Syrian & Palestinian I had but couldn't change - Turkish none for you can't buy it outside the country. the boys were good to me - but one has to go on eating & living & doing the necessary. It was very difficult but finally the old Turk got the dining room steward to help me out - with enough that I landed at Ankara Palas hotel with just enough to pay for the Arabic and a tip for the boy who brought my bags to my room. All day Sunday and no money - but it was a welcome breather to get cleaned up in, and to catch up on this, on reading & on sleep.

Ankara June 30th - 1946 - The luxury of this hotel is such a comfort after the trip I had - I had a hot bath - supper in my room and a grand sleep in a soft clean bed - cotton blankets like a rough silence cloth peppered in black. I was the only guest for breakfast in the big dining room - and showers splashed on the terrace as I ate. They were over by the time I'd finished & so I put on my G.I.s and set out to walk up through new Ankara to old Angora - its acropolis old town mosques &c. A good long walk up hill and down - the walls around the fortress on the hill top show signs of many periods of history - Hittite stones & Herodian cut blocks, Greek carving & symbols, Roman bricks - many periods all a mess higgledy piggledy into a long wall with countless towers. The Roman brickwork on top makes one think it dates from that period and doubtless it does.

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Athens since Feb 5th 1988 — the luxury of a
hotel in Plaka — comfort after the trip;
hard — I had a hot bath — coffee in my
room and a good sleep in a soft bed
with cotton blankets like a [illegible]
[illegible] in the [illegible] — [illegible]
the early [illegible] went for breakfast in the big
dining room — and a shower after that
in the afternoon [illegible] bath. The [illegible]
by the time [illegible] [illegible] 10:30 I got
[illegible] and got out to walk up along
[illegible] to old Agora — the Acropolis
[illegible] [illegible] — [illegible]
[illegible] and stones — The weather
[illegible] The Parthenon on the hill to a strong
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sense of many periods of history — Hellenistic,
and Roman, Byzantine, Frankish, [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] — many [illegible] wandering
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that period and [illegible] [illegible]

& got to lower old town in time to see the vegetable market in full swing. The cries and spieling make this different from others I've seen in the Middle East. Wonderful fresh garden stuffs and fruits – wish I'd money for a bit today! Also for a pair of Turkish wooden sandals or a T. wooden spoon – painted in their own design – I'll hope to pick up these things after I go to the bank on Monday. Though this is a veg market there are other commodities for peasants to buy – pig's feet – combs – socks – lamps – wool – spices – shoes – live chickens – all kinds of things. Small boys sit round with tall baskets tied on their backs ready to join the marketer and carry home his purchases. One followed me all round the place – pity he didn't know I was only "window" shopping – Angora goats – little whitish delicate things wander about the town as they do about the hillsides hereabouts

they have a silkier look than most goats.

There are lots of lovely birds about especially the greeny blue and copper thing like one sees so frequently in Transjordan. Warbler and one like an Oriole - hawks and swallows and swifts - but here in the city the last named are most frequent and then the storks - big black and white things that build enormous cumbersome nests on the brown tiled roofs or chimney tops - Augustus' Pillar mounted and begardened in centre town has an enormous nest on its capital with a clacking mother bird and her young.

Angora's houses are small plaster or wood beamed and plaster huts or cottages with white washing on the plaster + dark trim and brownish tile roofs. They are cluttered and tucked on every level spot on the hillsides and the children run up and down the steps or rubbly paths

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at great speed. Kids look healthy are cleaner and better clothed than in other countries I've seen - always close cropped - and mostly serious and humourless. The Turks seem kindly, less spoiled from a tourists point of view - but I noticed on the train - not much sense of humour. I guess life's been pretty grim and earnest for them and their climate such that work is in order, rather than to be avoided as in Egypt. The Egyptian has a ready sense of humour and I've often wondered how he comes by it - maybe the ability to create an illusion, or to conceive a deceit assists him to his second train of thought - which is humour frequently - and maybe its the climate that makes him use his wits rather than his body to accomplish things easily.

Ankara is boulevarded and treed and landscaped and well layed out - its buildings are fine squarish two storeyed broad roofed (tile) things - with most built in stone with coloured designed tile trim. they are handsome prosperous solid looking affairs - giving the impression, as does Washington, of stability greater than one knows exists in the situation in the country. There has been a tremendous amount done through Kemal Ataturk's leadership to improve everything he could think of in the country. And its true he attacked and bettered conditions in most fields - but one wonders, for all the devoted admiration at his aggressive, free thinking leadership how much real stirring of the revolution which is elsewhere afoot in this century is at work here. Its true there are no fezzes - no veiled women - no galibeahs

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and its true that it takes time to educate all people in a land as big as this - There are 20 million in a country the size of France, with no communications except the recently developed railroads. It takes time to build schools, & to educate teachers to staff them - In the meantime management has here learned the knack or art of "caring" for the workers, and housing them &c Its this kind of thing which has, I believe, led people to make the snap judgment that Turkey's "revolution" under Ataturk was leaning toward fascism - yet I don't see why there isn't a better chance of good conditions good thinking developing with what he did do for them than without - It is so hard to say - this is the one country in the middle east area that has on its own done something for itself - and I cannot accept the quick criticism of "fascism" from outsiders and we know that it takes time to educate all people in a land as big as this. There are 27 million in a country the size of Germany, with no communication except [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] it takes time to break [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the life of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] and knowing there [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] they [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] people to make the [illegible] in the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] of the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] without first finding out what the more intelligent here in Turkey think - that's partly why I came -

Why else? - because I wanted to see what social changes could be made in a country in this area, by itself - because I wanted to see Istanbul of whose history and legendary beauty one hears so much - and if I must admit it there was also an element of escape in it - I never thought it was [redacted]

got [redacted].. It was lucky that the present three weeks were the best three ~~three~~ to take from the Office point of view.

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Ankara Palas

By two o'clock Sunday I'd washed my hair and had it up in pins! The garden at the end of the corridor seemed empty and I knew that twenty minutes or half an hour of the sun which most people hereabouts avoid at this time of day - would dry my locks better than any amount of sitting in my shady room - So with my book I wandered out through the terrace bar to the wickered chaired garden. The boy at the bar followed me - and I tried to explain to his Turkish willingness that there was nothing I wanted but to sit in the sun. He was off to the phone and before eventually two more helpful souls arrived he had brought me a comb on a plate! Bet that's the strangest order any bar ever served up!

Parts of the Taurus mountains are like those in Cyprus - the lower ranges of them spread out through the country have saw toothed rims and grey protruding rocks. Parts are like Nevada, like Yosemite - the pine woods are sparse to what we know. The chief feature is the beautiful views one gets from their heights of the spread out Turkish countryside - Only here have I seen the hay stacked in circles or crescents - as befits this country to have - with the winnowing done in the centre. The effect of these circlets flung over the fields when seen from the heights of the mountains is quite lovely. There are long tunnels through some parts, there are steep overhanging crags - the pity of it is that all trains take the trip so that some part of the mountains is done by night & even when we were two days late this was still our lot.

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Eight o'clock Train Tuesday night Ankara to Haidar Pasa by 9^{30} next morning - and the ferry across to Istanbul. The view from the Bosphorus - in every direction is grand up the Sea of Marmora to the islands - up the Bosphorus to narrowing shores - ahead the city - immense - congested irregular - minaretted - bewildering. It really gave me faint heart to think I'd ever find my way around in it.

· Took a taxi to the Park Hotel - the driver didn't succeed in overcharging as much as he'd have liked. The meter read 60 kurus - the tax is supposed to be 40%. He wanted 2 liras - I gave him one & a quarter when he said the tax was twice -

The Park hadn't a room - would I wait. I did in a lounge with great plate glass windows to the view I've grown to know so well - the beautiful Bosp

Finally the manager came and showed me to a room - room nothing - a suite living room - twin bedded bedroom hall bath and balcony on two sides. - for the slight tariff of 12 liras or £ Pal 1.750 or $6.50 - for me!

I basked in it two nights & then went to Bursa - where the same amount covered three meals a day: Enough about money - Turkey is dear & these details may be of interest sometime - but the compensations are so great.

By ship across Marmora to Mudanya in Turkey in Asia - or Asia Minor. A bustling little train takes off through the hills into the hinterland - ripening fields - lots of trees - the odd village - There is more of interest in our crowded compartment. Four young children a teen aged lout studying a notebook or smoking cigarettes in a holder - an unshaven man who

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dozes, a woman who tends the kids - and a hag of an old woman with woollen shawl tight round her forehead and under her chin (typical use of the veil in Turkey) who eyes everything and everybody, thro her wrinkled old face & never is without a cigaret sticking to her lips - what a creature she is.

Finally at Bursa I get down - and the village boy too - he is really very kind and offers to help me as he's helped with the children - the men with the Arabas are full up no room for me - so the boy carries my rucksack & we walk to the Chelik Palace Hotel. Frightful dust.

Bursa was a town in Hannibal's time. Pliny promoted the baths here & it boomed. Various Sultans & caliphs have basked in its loveliness. Most of its very old antiquities have been lost thro quakes. But it retains its

beautiful setting in the foothills of Mount Olympus - Green bower - Moving poplars, cypress, plainetrees - the latter more enormous, more beautiful than I've ever seen - One plane tree reminded me of the redwoods of the California slopes - simply enormous bole. And they sit on the cross roads - sometimes in the cobble-stone streets shedding their lush shade for blocks it seems. It is a green town filled with quaint old houses & turnings alley ways, bridges & vistas. Spot for an artist. No wonder Pierre Loti liked it too.

The Green Mosque - Yeşil Çami (or (yashil ghami) is without a doubt the loveliest bit of Arab work I've seen. White marble - relieved, in design, not in substitute as so often happens, by beautiful green blue tiling - and exquisite stained glass. Well proportioned, beautifully thought out in detail a place demand,

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at least two visits - and wearing so well -
The Türbe where Mehmet I is buried - he
who built the Mosque in 1420 + died next
year - was closed but by dint of peeking
through the windows it was possible
to see a good bit of its tiling + design -

Ulu Cami - the bigger mosque in
centre town is a paint job - not so good.

I asked two teen age Turkish boys
for directions in the morning - and had
a bevy of four with me throughout the
day - nice kids - very helpful - and
what surprised me most was their
political consciousness - they argued
Democrati Parti or Republica Parti
~~most~~ all day. The German speaking one
turned up in the square next morning with
his Repub. paper with a short saying I
was in town "on official business" and
doing a lot of walking! The latter
certainly is true.

Had a Turkish bath - which consisted
, with countless

a swim in a round hot water pool with a domed stone roof - steamy gloom but grand when you get used to it, then a cold shower. As usual here they provide just a face towel - but a big oversize terry cloth bathrobe - this is the Turkish adjunct to the bath - one lies in it and steams + dries eventually!

It was a good two days in a perfectly beautiful spot - with much of interest to see - good comforts in the hotel - + I read + slept a lot - to wake to that view of green velvet hills.

Silk cocoons in baskets - big tall hand made baskets - dozens of them brought in from the villages in the Bursa plain. Little girls 8 - 10 - 12 - 14 yrs all fooling round the yard outside the silk factory ready to go home - Child labour alright

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Istanbul has too much to ever get it down or even give an impression. I suppose in the three days I've been here I've seen a half dozen mosques - Ayasophia + the Suleimaniye don't need my praise tho I could certainly give it - I've been over the Saray grounds - (it being closed) that is The old Sultan's palace - and site of the palace + citadelle when Stamboul was Byzantium. I've walked over miles of streets (9 to 5 daily!) seen the bazaars where close closed vaulted roofs cut out the air + most of the light and the guide book's quite right - don't stay in there long - The air is foul - how the crowds stand it I don't know - but it must be one reason for Turkey's high incidence of T.B. I've been shown round Büyük Carsi or the old city area by a garish little Turkish policeman who took a fancy to my map in "Guide Bleu" and showed it off to all his friends - ~~Tur~~

Nevermind - I thereby found some of the old khans or Hans which I wanted to see - but never would have found on my own. Similar in style to those in Aleppo - some larger, some not as artistic as others. Yeni Han three storeys high. They are very interesting. Cohari Han has its courts built up - the congestion is terrific.

My policeman-guide finally treated me to a coffee - nothing would do but he must. then set me down at Mahmut Paşa Cami and shook hands goodbye - not a word of English did he have + not a word of Turkish have I - but we did wonderfully. By the way why my tummy keeps well and why I don't get an infected lip or something I don't know. Neptune had me drinking from a tin mug at the fountain in Ulu Cami in Bursa - + the water tasted stale - one survives a lot

Took a Tram to Yedikule out through dismal modern suburbs of what used to be old Byzantium - to the citadel and fortress of seven towers = yedi kule in Turkish. Saw the executioner's block a shaft for receiving the heads down into the ground. The dungeon tower walked on the wall top - there were three walls round the city, the sea wall the Harbour wall and the land wall from Yedikule to Adrianople or Edirne is six miles. if I'd had my walking shoes on I think I'd have attempted it for there was not a vehicle of any sort any where in sight. So I went back to town - dropped off to see little St Sophia or "Kücük aya Sophia" as they call it on a lower level near the sea, below the Hippodrome esplanade, below the old wall which banked up the upper city level & which is lined with houses of one room depth with the high wall above

and behind down dirty unpaved poor streets, in near the railway tracks is this little mosque. Built originally as a Greek church, with beautiful marble carving, a series of pillars which seem to outline the main part of the church and make its real form indecipherable. This is a neglected beauty spot.

Mr Thomas Whittemore an America that stayed with Katy Antonius in Jerusalem and to whom she gave me a "letter of introd= asked me to come to Aya Sophia at 11 one morning. His Turkish secretary - a stoutish German looking man met me at the gate under the plane trees. We went through the entrance porch where nine fine doorways lead into the "church" "mosque" or museum - through a huge door at the end - and walked up the circular cobbled ramp that winds round an immense pillar and leads to the upper balconies - Public not admitted -

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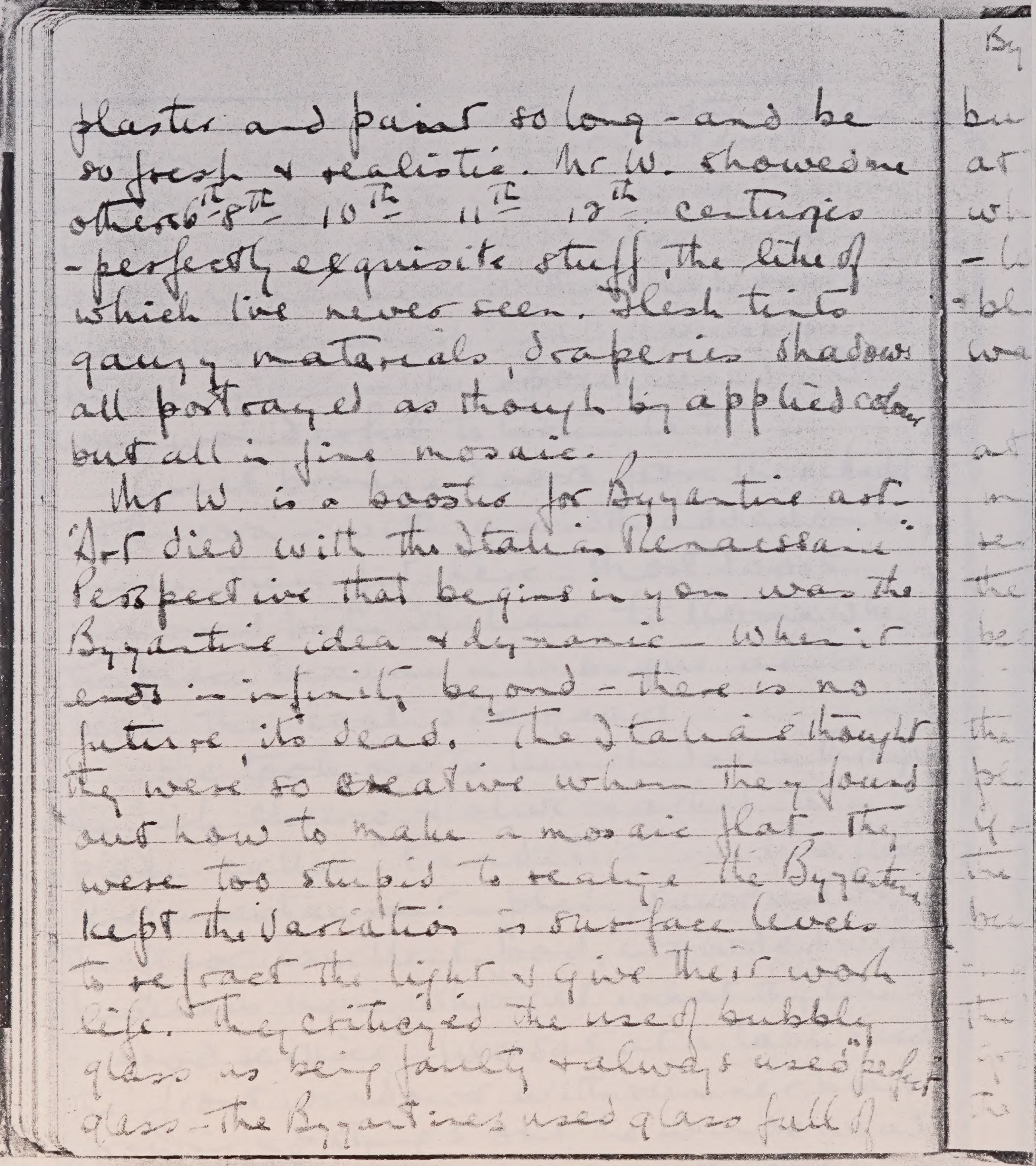
Interesting ascent this route. Mr W. tells
me all big buildings has them built
with rough paving like this for workmen
and mules with materials to ascend
to the upper reaches of the place. A
second ramp paved in marble leading
to the priests assembly rooms goes
up similarly on the other side of the bldg.
Above the balcony is paved in big
smooth paving squares - its enormous
and the proportions of the place which
have impressed me so much from below
anyway become even more impressive
from here. Around at the other side of
the building on a high scaffolding
Mr W & two of his craftsmen are at
work - A beautiful head of Christ one
of John the Baptist & a third I don't remember
in 10th century mosaics, of such perfection
in drawing, in use of materials one would
wonder how anything so lovely could have
been done so early, remained covered in
, with countless



plaster and paint so long - and be so fresh & realistic. Mr W. showed me others 6th - 8th 10th 11th 12th centuries - perfectly exquisite stuff, the like of which I've never seen. Flesh tints gauzy materials, draperies shadows all portrayed as though by applied color but all in fine mosaic.

Mr W. is a booster for Byzantine art. "Art died with the Italian Renaissance" Perspective that begins in you was the Byzantine idea & dynamic. When it ends in infinity beyond - there is no future its dead. The Italians thought they were so creative when they found out how to make a mosaic flat they were too stupid to realize the Byzantines kept the variation in surface levels to refract the light & give their work life. They criticized the use of bubbly glass as "being faulty" & always used "perfect" glass - the Byzantines used glass full of

Byz. art has no design without functional purpose
— no decorative use of art whatever. 58

bubbles again to catch the light — look at that black robe the "Mother" is wearing what dynamic life that material has — low temperature, full of bubbles black glass — purposely used. It was wonderful to listen to it.

Great bronze doors from the citadel at Angora — with a width added on to make them fit here. Most doors removed by the Italians to Rome when the place became a mosque as its been the last 500 years.

He took me to lunch down through the fish cheese + olive market to a place called "Pandeli's" — a two floor Greek restaurant — plain, sawdust on the floor, excellent food, crowded with business men, who get what they like + good service. We sat at a table near the front windows with runner beans growing up strings out the windows and the mosque minaret beyond the shop fronts

across the street. Good food - the most interesting & best place I found to eat in.

Another day he took me out to Adrianople to see Karie Cami - the mosque with the famous 13th century mosaics - smaller place, pictorial or "incident" mosaics - badly shattered by earthquakes but interesting to see.

I took a boat from the Galata bridge up the Golden Horn - zigzagging this way and that through market wharfs & barges, to wharfs near industrial settlements & up to Eyoub a lovely old ~~Turkish~~ and moslem town which Pierre Loti loved so much & where he stayed & wrote. It is a bower of green - trees & bushes & gardens. Stone walls, & houses mosques aplenty the road leads on to the enormous moslem cemetery that

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I got back from Cyprus to Jerusalem on Tuesday – The country was quiet – While I had been away the five kidnapped officers had been returned because the govt had revoked the death sentence on the two Jewish youth. The military had made searches of some areas & settlements – a big haul of ammunition had been found up near Haifa & there was the unpublished story of the Jews kidnapping the two young Jews who worked in British intelligence & who they believed were responsible for disclosing the location of this 20 yr old extensive & well hidden ammunition dump. The Jewish Agency had been searched & its officials arrested & imprisoned at Latrun – along with some 1600 others who were undergoing questioning – many refusing to give their right names & data. Rabbi Fishman had been released. The Hebrew press continued its protests – in the vein that

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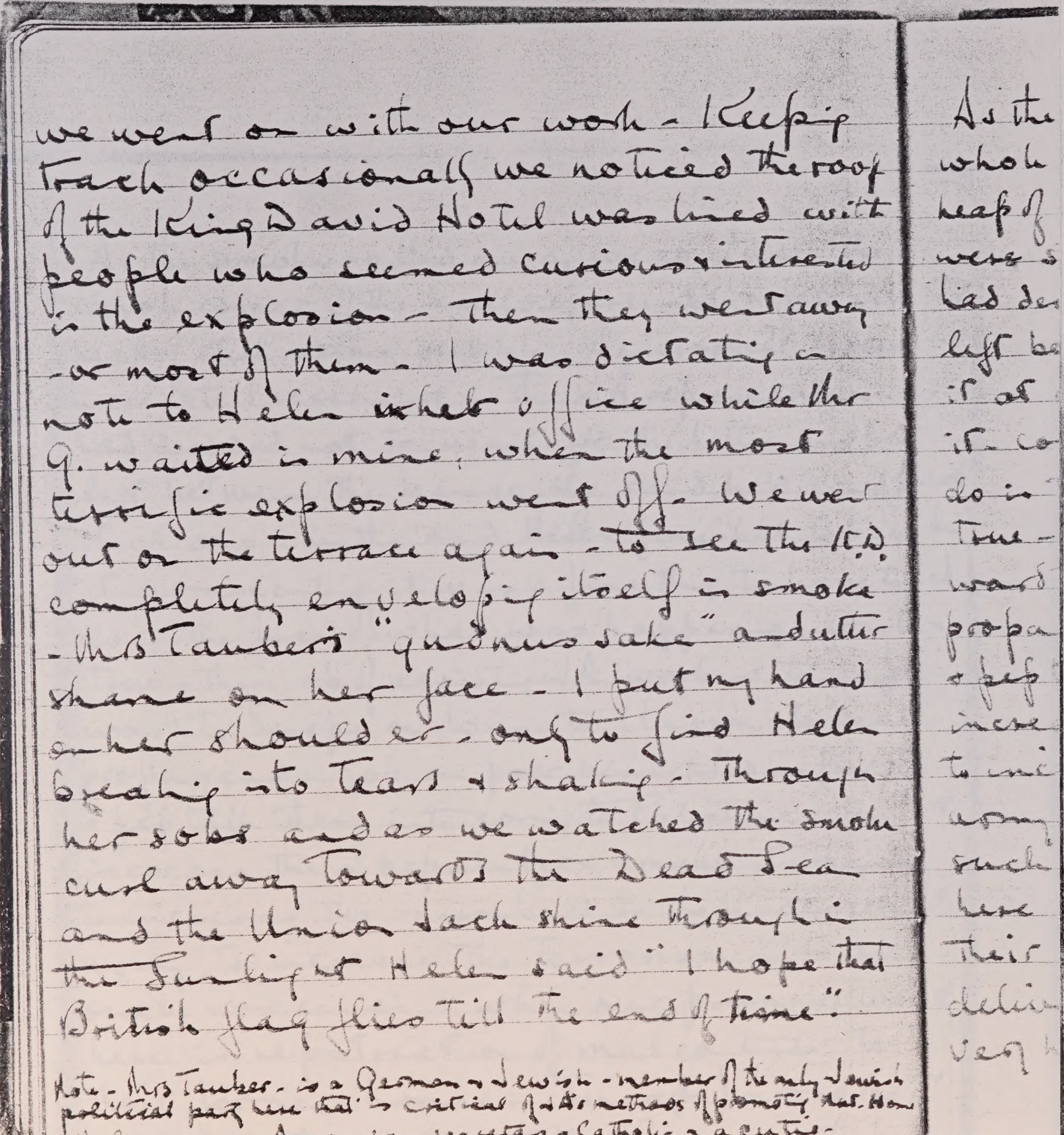
it didn't understand why such action had been taken against its leaders & its sacred agency. The country was quiet.

Monday morning Collier drove to Lydda to meet Louis Finlay & Arnold Curtis on the 1st Misr plane - Mrs Tauber and Helen and I were all busy at our work. About 11.30 I called the secretariat & asked Mr Musgrave for a letter he had promised me when I saw him Friday & he was surprised I hadn't received it & said he'd send it by hand which he did. I talked with Mr Gaulan, one of the J. Agency team members going forward to Austria - about arrangements for his journey - and Mr Golding was in my office arranging for transport for another such group when we heard an explosion - Out on the terrace we could see that it was in the direct of the low signals building near headquarters The smoke rose & blew away slowly &



we went on with our work - Keeping track occasionally we noticed the roof of the King David Hotel was lined with people who seemed curious & interested in the explosion - Then they went away - or most of them - I was dictating a note to Helen in her office while Mrs G. waited in mine, when the most terrific explosion went off. We went out on the terrace again - to see the K.D. completely enveloping itself in smoke - Mrs Tauber's "goodness sake" and utter shame on her face - I put my hand on her shoulder, only to find Helen breaking into tears & shaking - Through her sobs and as we watched the smoke curl away towards the Dead Sea and the Union Jack shine through in the sunlight Helen said "I hope that British flag flies till the end of time".

Note - Mrs Tauber - is a German & Jewish - member of the only Jewish political party here that is critical of the methods of promoting Nat. Home
Helen is my American secretary, a Catholic & a cutie -

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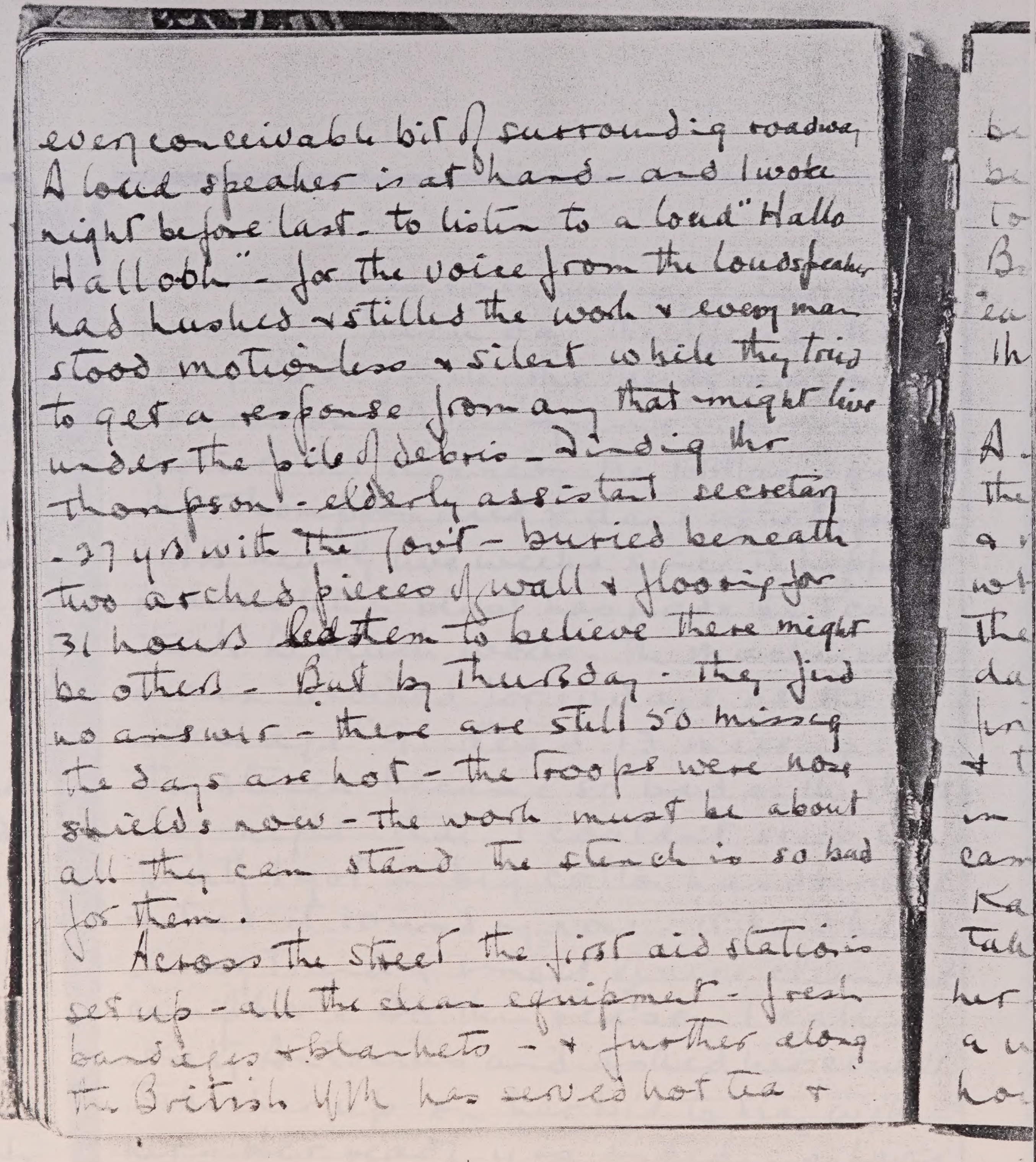
As the smoke rolled away we could see the whole corner of the building crumble & fall in a heap of steel & stone rubble. the terrorist sirens were still screaming – The J A representative had decided not to wait for the letter and had left between the bangs. He said he'd send for it at once – in the end Helen finished typing it – commenting it was a fine thing to have to do in the face of what was happening (for its true – This job of assisting J.A. workers to go forward to Europe on loan to Unrra – to do a propaganda job on poor benighted refugees & pep talk them into coming to Palestine – to increase the J population & make it a majority. to increase the numbers in the underground army, to increase the Terrorism – its all such nonsense – when our primary work here is repatriation of malcontents to their former homes in Europe) – and hot! delivered the letter to Mr G. much to his very honest appreciation – & I don't doubt surprise!

I came back to the Y. for lunch – the blind road to the south was closed – so I went round to the north to enter by the "Cloister" terrace – The back windows were blown out – the glass round the box office was shattered & scattered over the stone floor – the doors & windows in various spots on the Y bldg were blown in with the explosion – People were milling round looking at the pile of rubble – Some of the Arab boys were complaining that the explosion took place at 12 & it took the military till 1·15 to start digging. Actually the explosion was at 12·37 & work began at 1 – and when one later knew it went on day & night ~~for~~ a week at full energy it was a criticism that became thin. In the lobby were several shocked people – one old lady who shook so she couldn't hold the teacup Miss Thompson offered her. Several men with blood bespattered shirts & trousers – black eyes scratches bruises. Soon an ambulance removed what was left of the two Arabs who had

been standing across the road and under the gym windows on the Y. grounds. The passenger bus load of civilians were all wounded & taken to the hospital - Alfred Mowrer the American & NY Post man had his leg broken as he crossed the street at time of explosion. There were countless minor incidents & injuries that were not included in the "official" injured lists.

This is Thursday as I write and it happened on Monday - Work has never ceased on the hot dusty plaster stone steel & wood pile of rubble across the road - Troops in khaki shorts, mostly with the Burgundy beret of the ParaTroop corps - all with gleaming brown bodies wield picks and drills & blow torches - use shovels & Trowels baskets to collect, and carry - or heave chunks of debris from off the chaotic pile. Trucks, jeeps, ambulances, cranes, Tractors, bulldozers, N.A.A.F.I. Mobile canteens, - army vehicles of all sorts line

countless



every conceivable bit of surrounding roadway
A loud speaker is at hand - and I woke
night before last - to listen to a loud "Hallo
Hallooh" - for the voice from the loudspeaker
had hushed & stilled the work & every man
stood motionless & silent while they tried
to get a response from any that might live
under the pile of debris - finding Mr
Thompson - elderly assistant secretary
- 27 yrs with the Gov't - buried beneath
two arched pieces of wall & flooring for
31 hours led them to believe there might
be others - But by Thursday - they find
no answer - there are still 50 missing
the days are hot - the troops wear nose
shields now - the work must be about
all they can stand the stench is so bad
for them.
Across the street the first aid station is
set up - all the clean equipment - fresh
bandages & blankets - & further along
the British YM has served hot tea &

buns or cakes continuous since operation began. Each day, the official list - today its definite Mr Musgrave, Mr Bourdillon - Eddie Agyanis sister - and earlier Mr Kennedy the PostMaster General. Mr Thompson died 8 days after they found him.

Its nearly two weeks since it happened. A demolition blast has made the scar on the K.D much worse. The machinery & men worked for 10 days at the wreckage "91 dead 13 missing". The stench became so bad on the thursday-night that I couldn't sleep till finally I got a big cotton handkerchief & tied it round my nose. It had been in my trunk & smelt of nice clean moth camphor. For this reason I called Katy Antonius and asked her could I take her up on her bid to stay with her. Her ready yes ended in my having a wonderful change in her beautiful house and garden, with countless

friends dropping in - and a luncheon party on Sunday for the American Jewish journalist Louis Fischer on his way back from India, Eric Mills the Commission of Migration & the Govt's most brilliant civil servant was there and also Sqdn Leader Cox - youthful intelligence officer. Fischer a former Zionist was interested & interesting - the talk was good.

In the evening Katy had a buffet dinner in the garden for Sir Evelyn Barker the G.O.C. & the gaudy bawdy Terrill Martins who represent BOAC, but contracted too much Hollywood during their stay there - how vulgar she is! Also Michael Quest of the School of Arab Studies, Nick Andronovitch the military attaché of the Amer Embassy - nice enough quiet guy - but why everybody believes his story that he's Russian I'm sure I don't know - even Katy swallows it.

the White Paper - with evidence from cables that the terrorism can be layed at the door of the officials of the Jewish Agency -

The full curfew in Tel Aviv with a thorough search of the city by military & police - the finding of arsenals and cashes of munitions in schools and in the "Great Synagogue - the finding of forged govt bonds - of military uniforms of all sorts, the arrests - the outcry of "innocent & ill-treatment" by the Hebrew press.

The Federal plan presented by Herbert Morrison in the House - and the whining, squealing in the Palestine Post because they won't compromise.

The out of bounds orders - the barricades around the Y.M. the curfew 6 pm to 6 a.m. the limitations growing and increasing - nerves frayed - jitters - quibbly,

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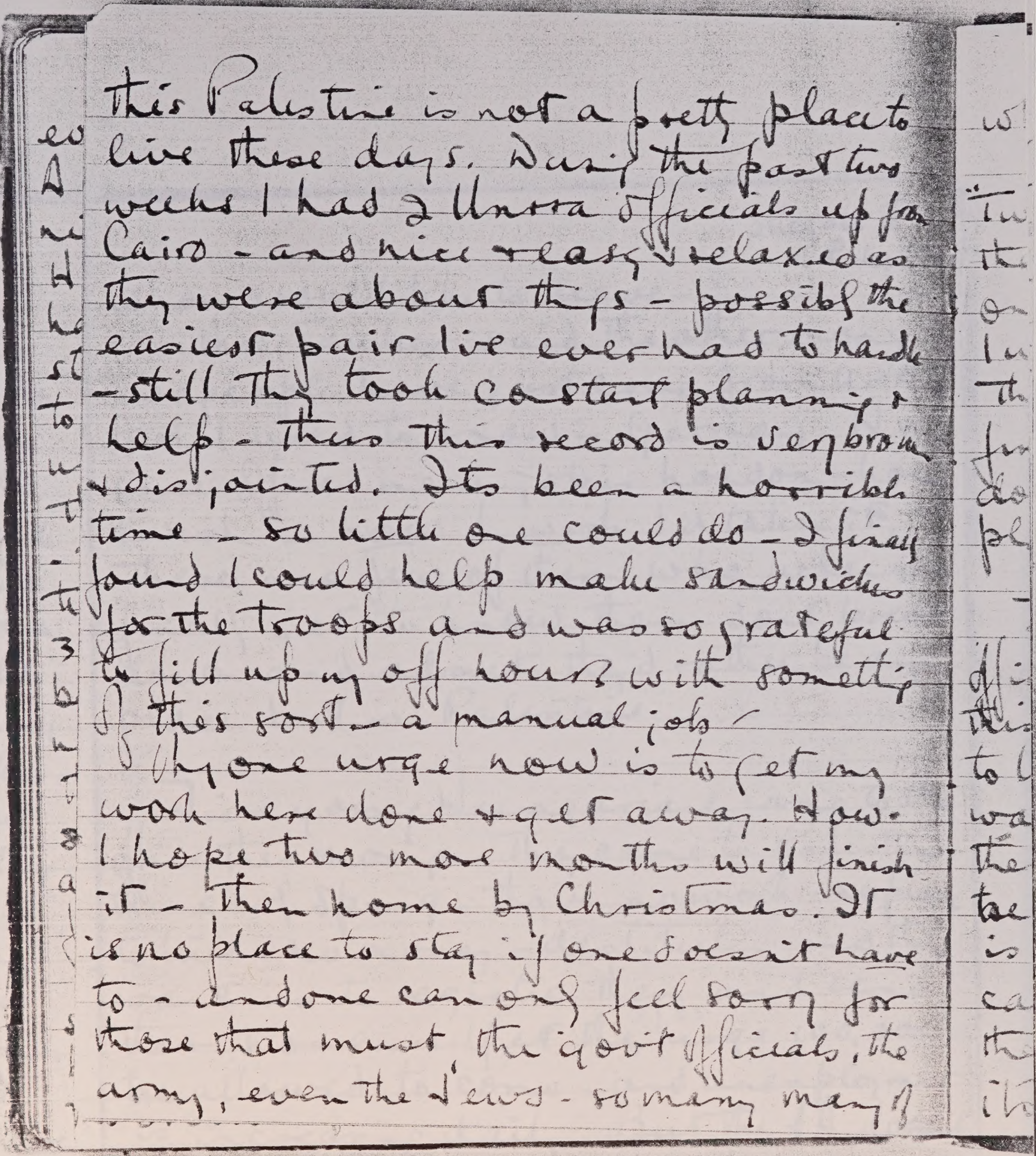

this Palestine is not a pretty place to live these days. During the past two weeks I had 2 Unrra officials up from Cairo - and nice & easy & relaxed as they were about things - possibly the easiest pair I've ever had to handle - still they took constant planning & help - thus this record is very broken & disjointed. It's been a horrible time - so little one could do - I finally found I could help make sandwiches for the troops and was so grateful to fill up my off hours with something of this sort - a manual job -

My one urge now is to get my work here done & get away. How - I hope two more months will finish it - then home by Christmas. It is no place to stay if one doesn't *have* to - and one can only feel sorry for those that must, the gov't officials, the army, even the Jews - so many many of

this situation is not a pretty place
since those days. Among the first times
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Illegals to
66 Palestine

whom would like to leave.

Mrs Tauker said the other morning "Two people have just come from USA that I used to know in Germany. He once offered me a job in London — how I wish — how I wish I'd taken it." There are few of them who when you finally get to know them don't break down and admit they'd rather be any place but in Palestine.

Five young Hungarians came to the office this morning — they came to Palestine this early Spring — they've no work — no place to live — no money — destitute — and they want us to register them and send them home...... Yet they (J.A.) urge 100,000 be allowed to come — and unemployment is increasing daily. But the J.A. doesn't care about the people — they admit they are only a political organization. It's tragic — to bring people to this.

Aug 13th - (1946)

I think I wrote about Daigel and Baruch Brande in "Vol. I". I was at their penthouse apartment for supper last night and since it was an instance illustrative of current Palestinian atmosphere and attitudes I write of them again. She is middle thirties - from the Bronx - fairly good looking - fond of her friends - manager at the local Reuter's office. He comes of an old Palestinian Jewish family and has taken over his father's accountancy firm. Since Delia the month old baby arrived the alterations on their apartment have been completed and they now have six good sized rooms and a glorious roof top terrace with plantings and a lovely view toward the Trans-Jordan hills. A car and a cabin at Herzlia on the coast - complete a picture

which includes many comforts. Baruch's a fool over the new baby scarcely lets her sleep without going to look at her. Daigel cares not a whit about cooking - likes guests that do it for her. (I once used all the eggs in the house to make an omelet for six of us - so I don't get a chance, very often, to have a free hand in the kitchen).

Roy Elston - the former Foreign Office man who now writes "Column One" in the Palestine Post as David Courtney - was there. I guess he's able enough though his column is tapering off and he looks successively more dissipated each time one sees him. He's trying to get a divorce so he can marry the fresh sweet young Monica Dane who cooked the eggs, and who has recently come from England to join him here.

John Kimche the Reuter's man was the other one - he was hungry - did-it want a drink - seemed annoyed that anybody else wanted to take time for it. Roy got irritable as the water for the weiners took so long to boil.

I arrived first - straight from the office round the corner - and duly and honestly admired the baby Delia and the new rooms. Daniel said they'd heard a rumour their flat was going to be requisitioned - their house in fact, for his parents live below. Its a prevalent fear for since the K.D. disaster the authorities are taking over blocks of offices and buildings - putting many areas behind barbedwire - finding houses where they can have small messes + house their officers + patrol + guard them.

- So there was the usual complaining resentment in Daipeli's remark - as she stated flatly she was going to continue to live there.

Barouch told Roy that the court trial of the terrorists who bombed the railway yards & buildings in Haifa a month or so ago began today in that city and that every time the court president opened his mouth to speak the young people being tried began to sing - he stopped - they stopped - he began they began - he left the court and on his return they again began. Barouch was not condoning, but he was certainly not critical. Roy asked him what they thought they gained. Barouch said they didn't believe the court was the court to try them - and this was their way of expressing it. Roy said but it was the court of the land.

Of course we all knew that what was implied was that if they Jewish state had been granted they would have their own courts - and as well there would be no cause for Trouble and ensuing Court cases. All that went unsaid - I asked if they were very young - non committal responses subject dropped.

Telephone calls from Reuter's for Faigel - There's to be an announcement by the Brit. gov't at midnight about the illegals in the ships in Haifa harbour. There were murmurs about - there'll be Trouble at 12:01. Faigel threw out aggressively - and as if it were as simple as all that 'why don't they bring in the 100,000 and then there won't be any Trouble." There was no answer - I wonder if she really believes its as simple as all that - no-one else there did - I

held my tongue for the instance of the Hungarians a few pages back has been repeated too frequently in our office recently for us not to know what difficult circumstances these new "illegals" are in — I wanted to gently ask "who'd take care of them" — what's the use - they don't want the truth - they won't face it.

There were various and assorted cracks at the British govt all evening. Kimche, Elston, Dane are all English - Kimche a Jew has his own angle on it - Elston destroys most everything he thinks about & young Monica follows in her own way. I guess I'm as loyal as there was there - anyhow I winced more than once at remarks made by this group - and particularly by members of a group whom Britain has attempted so valiantly to help

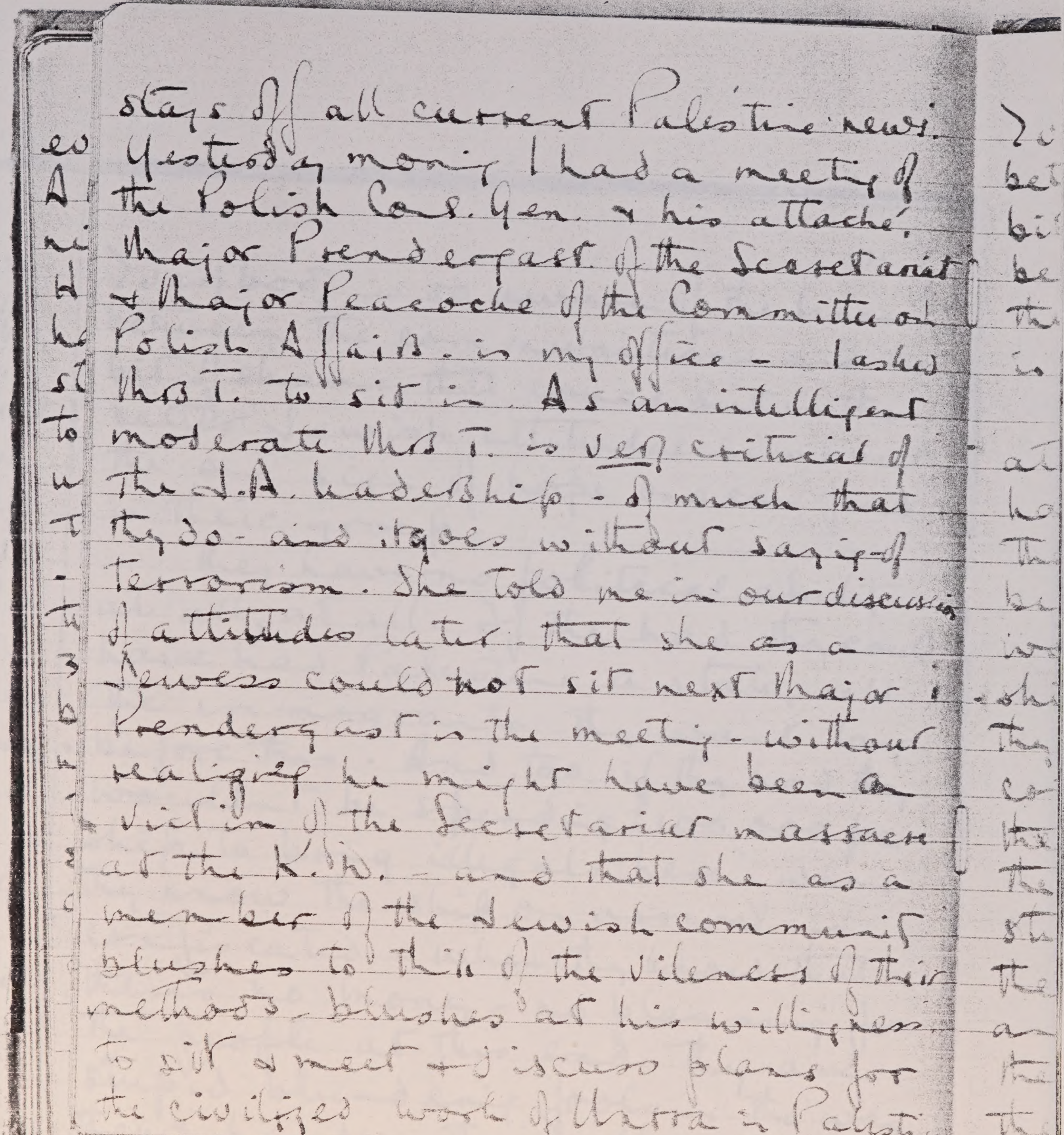
these last twenty five - almost thirty years in this barren land. Cracks like - they're taking over the main P.O. - well it couldn't be run any worse than it is - most of the public find no cause for complaint - and it is to be remembered that the general postmaster lost his life by gunfire at the time of the K.D.

Talk of sons going into this and that - suppose it was fourth sons who went into Palestine Police - innuendos knife edged. &c &c

Then there was considerable talk of how the Irgun Zwai Leumi gets its funds. Canvasses Jewish businessmen - assessing them from £100 to £5'000 for their terrorist activities with threats if they don't pay up - Roy said what happens if they don't pay up - Kinche said - nothing —

The whole evening was tattered with bits of conversation - with questioning glances to see what the other person was thinking - with subjects begun and not developed - for everyone was stifled with feelings - bitterness in some - sensitivity to it in others - or the shades of political leaning man for man of us being so definitely demarcated that unimpassioned discussion was impossible. x

. . . . . Mrs Tauber & Helen and I had been discussing friendships here in Palestine yesterday morning at coffee - we agreed that people we'd known, been friendly and talkative with a few weeks or months ago - we now could not relax or find ways for. It isn't that frankness alone won't work - it is that feelings are so close to the surface that frankness can't be faced realistically - and so one



stays off all current Palestine news.

Yesterday morning I had a meeting of the Polish Cons. Gen. & his attaché, Major Prendergast of the Secretariat & Major Peacocke of the Committee on Polish Affairs - in my office - I asked Mrs T. to sit in. As an intelligent moderate Mrs T. is very critical of the J.A. leadership - of much that they do - and it goes without saying - of terrorism. She told me in our discussion of attitudes later - that she as a Jewess could not sit next Major Prendergast in the meeting - without realizing he might have been a victim of the Secretariat massacre at the K.D. - and that she as a member of the Jewish community blushes to think of the vileness of their methods - blushes at his willingness to sit & meet & discuss plans for the civilized work of Unrra in Palestine.

Everybody is so aware of the lines between the communities - and the bit of shame that comes out in the better Jewish attitudes is about the only sign of hope one can find in their group.

They have no political ability at all, at all. If they had they could have had Palestine, a state, all the immigrants they want long before this. And too if they had they wouldn't be spending £100,000 per ship to bring illegals here - when they know the ship on arrival is confiscated - when they know that there's no money - no planning for the people at this end. They are stupid blundering fools in the way they're handling their affairs these days and its only a small group among them who realize they are "digging their own grave".

Sept 12th

Bright moonlight to night - as on one night last year when I got up and wrote a bit. Then it was of roses and an Arab song - as I remember.

This time I couldn't sleep, got up and leaned on my elbows on the window-ledge - till my eyes got used to the brilliance, my ears to the night sounds. The Cypresses are still lovely - and the shrubbery & hedgerows in the garden - the Jackaranda Tree is restless & jittery in the night wind. A loose sheet of galvanized iron hangs from the great scar on the King David across the road, and bangs & crashes each time the wind catches it - Road? - it used to be - but now the barbed wire and the military & police cordon have made this strip a cement court, and no traffic passes by at all - unless it be a

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foot - there go two constables. the R.D. is all offices now - one or two windows besides the stair well are lit where government or military work late. the rumble of military trucks and armoured cars in the distance, the clock tower striking midnight - its a still and peaceful night otherwise. I finish the sentence and the midnight boots come across the flagstones below my window - changing the guard of sentries that are on duty round the clock here now ... I tried to think of pleasanter things, leaning there in the moonlight - of people I've known here and liked, of good times there've been - the lovely countryside ... I realized the form there in the garden path was a sentry - gun on his arm - also peering into space in the moonlight - its his job - & not mine - (I write to make me sleepy - but its not working)

Early in the war, when Britain lost a battle, some men & supplies in Norway. I can remember someone in New York telling me of the article they'd read that Britain knew it was a losing game this Norwegian campaign this war in - but that to keep up home morale & just make people believe she was trying to do something, she'd sent her forces out, thro pride, she'd had to try it. All this it was eventually realized was also part of the war - Hitler's propaganda machine was fighting as grim a battle as her best troops.

Yesterday at coffee time Helen wide-eyed as usual came out with the story that the hotel & the government had had plenty of warning before the King David massacre - but hadn't chosen to do anything about it! Ilse Stern - our temporary in Mrs Tauber's place

said well supposing its true what good does it do for them to deny or admit it. Miss Scott, just said "couldn't the switchboard have spread the news?"!

What they none of them tumble to is the fact that Hagana, Stern gang & Irgun Zwei Leumi are also clever at propaganda, and war of nerves stuff - and that not only are the continuous telephone warnings of bombings & blowing-ups, but also this kind of a whispering campaign part of the battle -

But then Helen had gone to the movies with the Adlers & the Louries - & what would you expect but some more of their methods - When will she get it through her silly but pretty head - - She's got a new hairdo - and its very cute.

My nice Scottish driver has gone home on python — He's been fourteen months driving our grey Hudson — taking such care of it its in as good condition as any of the ten of them Unrra has in the M.E.! He's become increasingly helpful to us in the office — having accomplished most of the things I used to feel I must send Mrs Tauber or Helen to do. And he's won all our feminine hearts completely. Sunny haired six footer — boyish — good voice talking or singing — care free disposition — kind that loses things — stern & strict Scottish principles playful as a kitten — sparring partner to Mohamed. When he came he was devout in his interest in religion — in being saved. I hardly ever got into the car without falling over the Bible!

I listened a lot to his thoughtful creed - came to have terrific respect for his knowledge of the Bible and its people, places, "messages" & stories. Then one Saturday he asked me to go to a meeting - I suspected what I was in for - regular revival stuff it turned out to be, with people grunting assent, & getting up to make little eyes-shut speeches, more grunting much hearty singing - stupid preachers contributing. And of course tactless as ever I came out scoffing at such vulgar stupid stuff - Collier's friend a Miss McLaren - of Toronto & so help me - was there. I'd met her - Daresay it was she that prompted him to ask me to come - I blew off at her suppose I felt I could being a canuck. Anyhow Collier's tapering off on religion dates from about that time - He goes to movies again,

[illegible]

[illegible] — He goes to [illegible]

Feb 16-1947

Just six months since I've written in this book - I'm afraid the family's attitude at home - chucking it in the trunk without even commenting - has made me realize I really shouldn't bother - that it's really a waste of time and paper when I've no talent for it. But this month has seen the setting out of the Security Zones with those, who are left after the evacuation, and who have British passports, living inside and finding life rather limited and dull. So I've had a notion to play round with this again.

Partly two because I wish I could capture some of the atmosphere in the office today and set it down on the record. The Austrians, first move and some Poles third move, are going home next week - DV and the Pal. Sit providing & permitting. Fussy little Mr. Werre, and Mr Engel the two liaison officers arrived as though

it were their move – and were surprised to find there was nothing for them to do – It is difficult to know how to make them feel as important as they think they are.

Mr Plaskis aged about 70 bald and very poor came in to see me, he bowed half way & clicked his heels for seconds on end. Sixteen year old daughter has decided not to go – she's going to become a Palestinian citizen, and she's going to stay with her mother – whom we never heard of – & believed dead. Plaskis says he is divorced extending his hand & said on the word of an ex officer in Emperor Franz Josef's army he was divorced seven years ago. Told him that apart from Franz Jose I had to have proof – He said 'but its in Hebrew'. I said alright I have girls who can Hebrew – So he has to produce the wife & the papers before I can take him

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Somebody told Mrs Kraus - the good looking white haired Polish woman that Miss Witkowska aged 26 had decided not to go to Poland. That was days ago & Mrs K took her off the list. We agreed to have this daughter of the family come later, but the whole family have decided to await the next move. Poor Mrs Kraus she feels so badly because she accepted a verbal message - no can do in this country, too much intrigue.

Kohler, Berkowitz & Lesinger came and sat like a deputation to ask if they could take their enormous trunks home - I stood firm on army restrictions & heard all sorts of stories about 5 yrs army service giving people rights &c what a crew they are!

Mr Haj & Dr Glofrik the Polish committee, & Mr Pollak the Austrian are working out luggage arrangements - such as to satisfy any expert -

One man fainted on the stairs, the crowd in the waiting room was thick all morn. By noon 300 & more of the 400 trainload had reported & got their identification cards & chits re train times.

The security zone A around the Jslm station means we have to load people & luggage at the Unrra office outside the zone & have them go by road to Lydda. I wish I could get some pictures taken at the office & at Lydda next week -

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Llydda

We had a three month interlude of Jim Casey as driver on the car. A Welsh boy - 1948 - his grandfather came from Ireland to Mer-thyr-tydvil in Wales - where he worked as a miner. Jim has a rough ungroomed look no matter when you see him - He's got a good sense of humour + a wonderful accent - but doesn't care two hoots about looking after the appearance of the car.

Once in a sentimental mood he told me that his mother'd left home some years ago to live with his sister in Nottingham - That his father was sick + couldn't write anyhow - and that he didn't think he was getting the straight story from his aunt there. He was worried about his Dad - Army Welfare were investigating - but they took so long - he was still further worried with no letters coming - He thought his mother

was wrong not to come home to them House dirty & going to such a ruin dogs running through it &c &c - Poor Jim - This was when we were in the Lebanon - & there he spent so much time on his own that he got fed up with lonesomeness.

Once - & this was the reason we parted - he got so fed up that he stayed out at the Polish canteen, we were working in Zouk, all afternoon drinking beers with the Poles. He made the hill road & long trip back the Tripoli Coast road to Beirut alright - only to go the wrong way in a one way street The Lebanese police called us down soundly in Arabic & told us to back out, Jim retaliated, completely blind with rage, by swinging the front mudguard across the policeman's knees. Further complications & we were surrounded by a terrific mob and

marched off to the big dimly lit police station where the officer sat at a high walled desk with about eight or ten smartly turned out police officers leaning on the rail.

I began by complaining about the noisy way the policeman had attracted a big crowd around - that we didn't speak Arabic & that shouting couldn't make us understand it. The policeman look non-plussed - he was supposed to.

So he told his story - & in the end they wanted to lock up the car. At that point I pulled the big stuff - and said well of course I couldn't have that happen, who did they want to speak to, to fix up things the British Legation the American Legation the Director A.U.B, Mr Hafouche Min of Foreign Affairs - who would they like - so we got away - Now I *must* turn the heat on the Middle East laggards

and get Harfouche to get me a car permit for Lebanon!

Ramiz S. Shehadi.
Katy Antonius
Deb Perty
Stewart Millers
Bayard Dodges
Marion Wilson
Martha Clark
John Thompson
George & Andrew Nikkolakis
Margaret Kinnett
Tadeusz Jacobson
Cornelia Rosner
Peg Day.
Florence Scott
Rose Tauber

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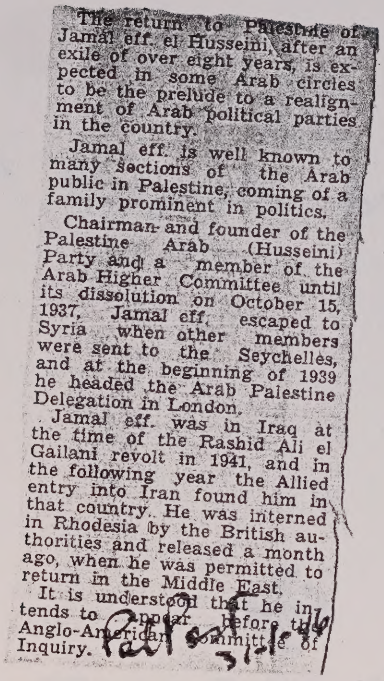
International Migration Service . . . Consultant



The return to Palestine of Jamal eff. el Husseini, after an exile of over eight years, is expected in some Arab circles to be the prelude to a realignment of Arab political parties in the country.

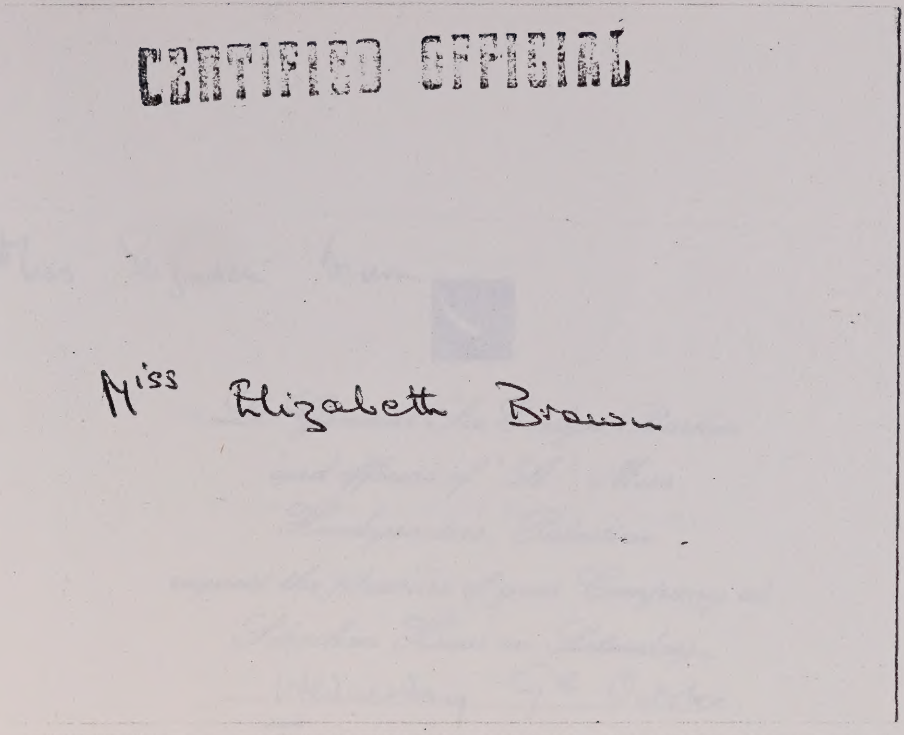
Jamal eff. is well known to many sections of the Arab public in Palestine, coming of a family prominent in politics.

Chairman and founder of the Palestine Arab (Husseini) Party and a member of the Arab Higher Committee until its dissolution on October 15, 1937, Jamal eff. escaped to Syria when other members were sent to the Seychelles, and at the beginning of 1939 he headed the Arab Palestine Delegation in London.

Jamal eff. was in Iraq at the time of the Rashid Ali el Gailani revolt in 1941, and in the following year the Allied entry into Iran found him in that country. He was interned in Rhodesia by the British authorities and released a month ago, when he was permitted to return in the Middle East.

It is understood that he intends to appear before the Anglo-American Committee of Inquiry.

Pal Post 31.1.46



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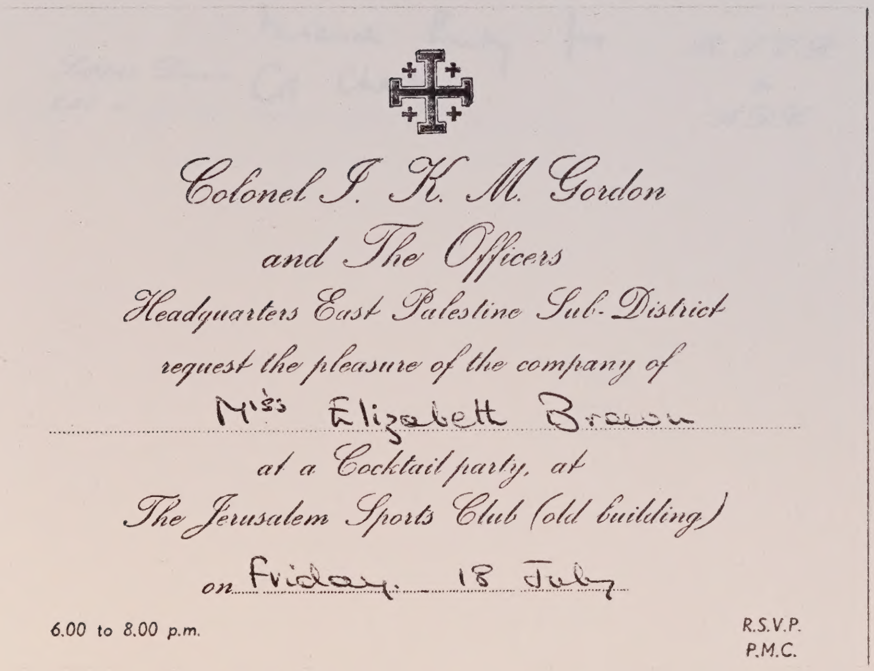
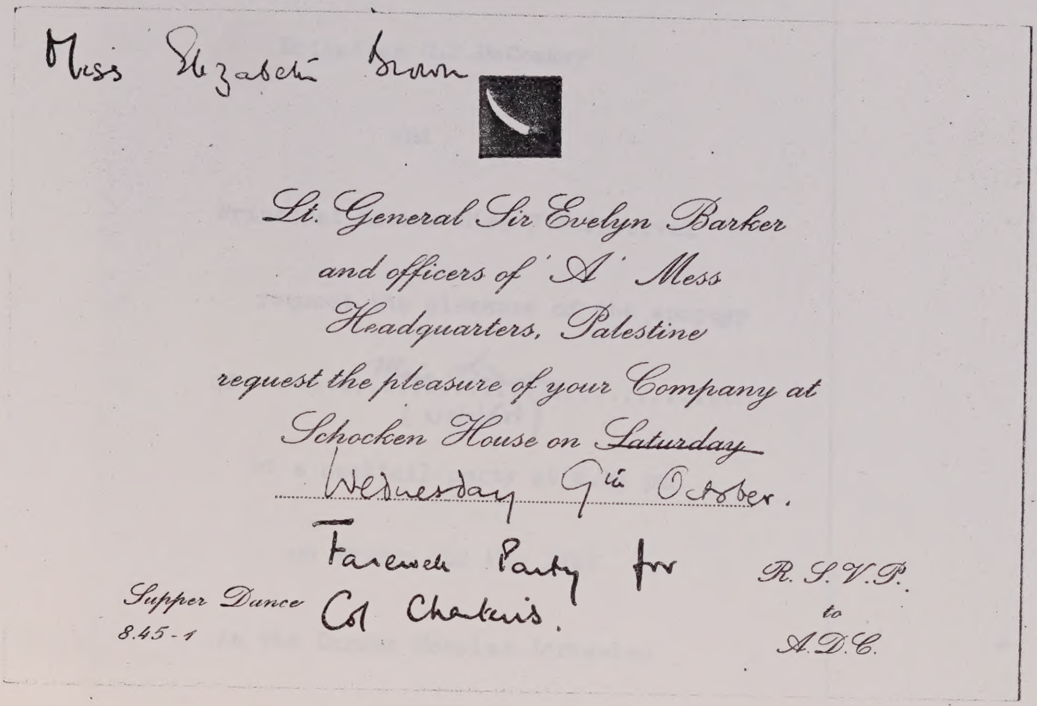
Miss Elizabeth Brown



Colonel I. K. M. Gordon
and The Officers
Headquarters East Palestine Sub-District
request the pleasure of the company of
Miss Elizabeth Brown
at a Cocktail party, at
The Jerusalem Sports Club (old building)
on Friday 18 July

6.00 to 8.00 p.m.

R.S.V.P.
P.M.C.



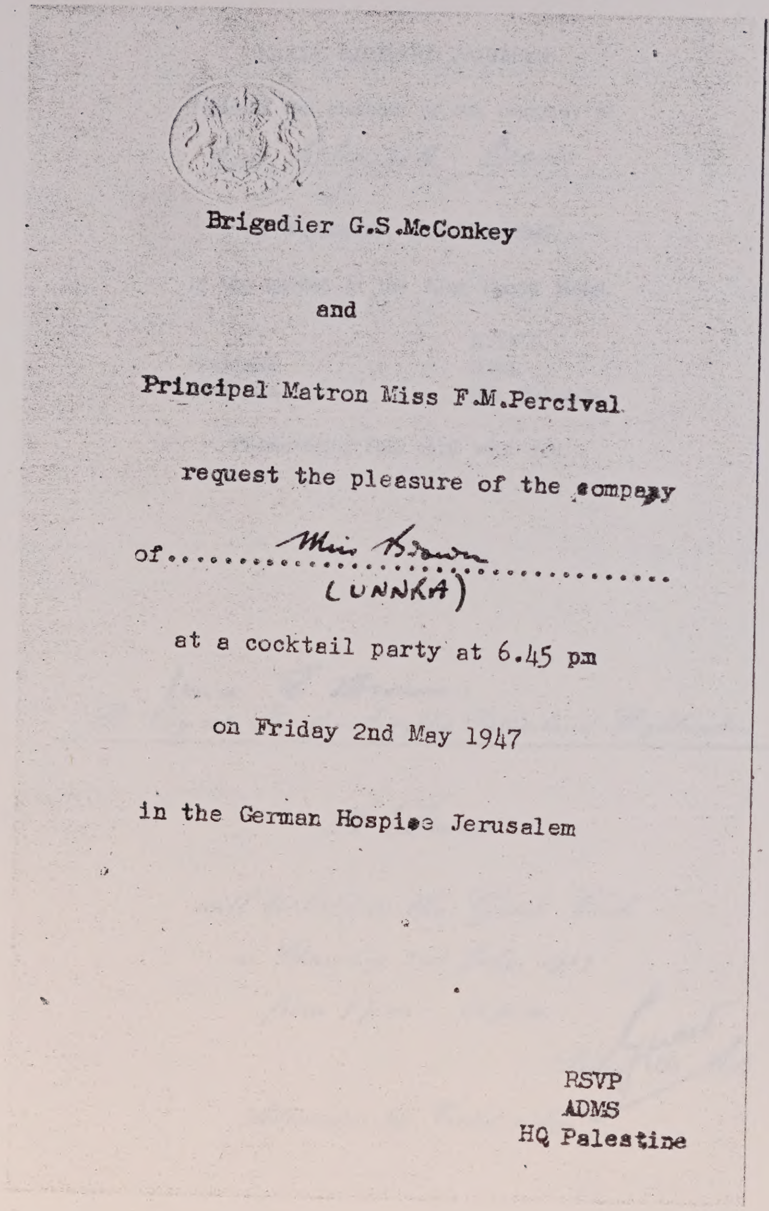
Miss Elizabeth Brown

Lt. General Sir Evelyn Barker
and officers of 'A' Mess
Headquarters, Palestine
request the pleasure of your Company at
Schocken House on ~~Saturday~~
Wednesday 9th October.

Farewell Party for
Col Charteris.

Supper Dance
8.45 - 1

R.S.V.P.
to
A.D.C.



Brigadier G.S.McConkey

and

Principal Matron Miss F.M.Percival

request the pleasure of the company

of ....Miss Brown........................
(UNNRA)

at a cocktail party at 6.45 pm

on Friday 2nd May 1947

in the German Hospice Jerusalem

RSVP
ADMS
HQ Palestine

Lt. Col. RICHARD NORMAN

requests the pleasure of the company of

Miss Elizabeth Brown

on Wednesday, 28th May 1947,

in the garden of the King David Hotel.

Cocktails
6—8 p.m.

R.S.V.P.
G.S.I.
HQ. Palestine.

Please bring this card with you.

Miss E Brown.

82

"B" Coy 1st. Bn. the Argyll & Sutherland Highlanders

A Dance

will be held in the Greek Club
on Thursday 31st July, 1947
from 7 p.m. - 11 p.m.

Guest

Price 100 *Mils*

Admission by Ticket only.

Brigadier J. G. Bedford-Roberts
&
the Officers of Headquarters 8 Infantry Brigade
request the pleasure of the company of
Miss Elizabeth Brown
at the Jerusalem Sports Club
on Friday the 5th September 1947

Cocktails 6.30 pm. - 8 pm.
Dancing 8 pm. - 11 pm.

R.S.V.P. P.M.C.

Miss Brown

Mrs. Horn & Mrs. Dyer
At Home
on Wednesday, the 22nd October
at 6 o'clock.

Cocktails
Tel. 2412

R. S. V. P.
9 Ramban Rd.
Jerusalem

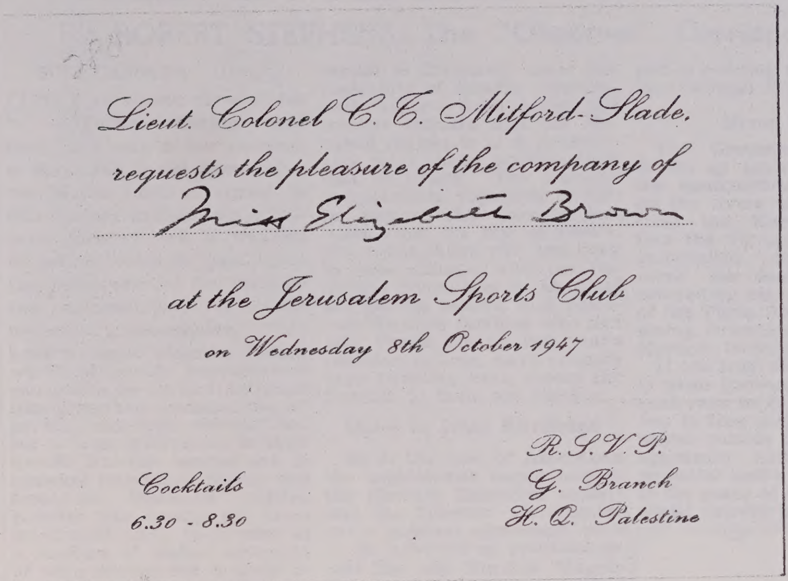
The Senior Officers (B) Mess
Headquarters, Palestine & Transjordan
request the pleasure of the company
of

Miss Elizabeth Brown

on Wednesday July 30th 1947

R.S.V.P.
P.M.C.

Dancing
7.30 to 10 pm.

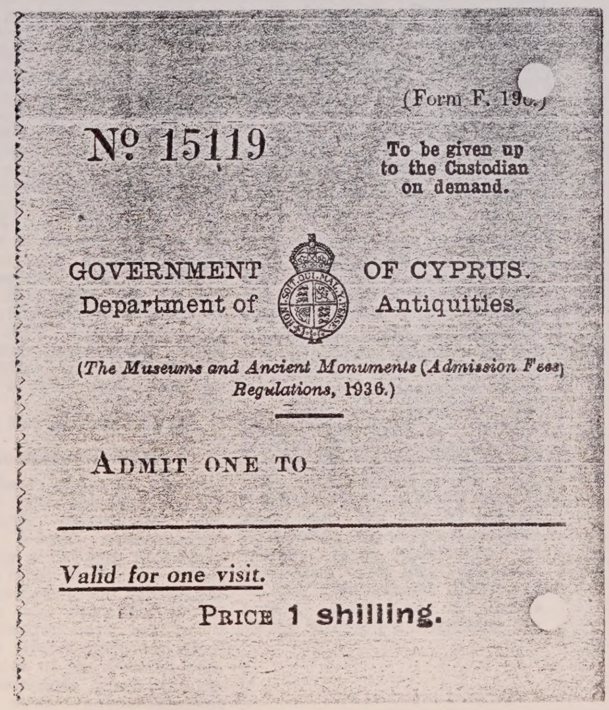


Lieut. Colonel C. T. Mitford-Slade.
requests the pleasure of the company of
Miss Elizabeth Brown

at the Jerusalem Sports Club
on Wednesday 8th October 1947

R.S.V.P.
G. Branch
H. Q. Palestine

Cocktails
6.30 - 8.30



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IN PERSIA, TURKEY AND IRAQ

THE KURDISH PROBLEM

By ROBERT STEPHENS, The "Observer" Correspondent

SULEIMANIYA (Iraq). — SPLIT up among three states — Persia, Turkey and Iraq (and with a few enclaves in Syria and Soviet Armenia)— the Kurds have struggled in this century to maintain a cultural identity and a freedom of action which in past times had been reserved for them by the inaccessibility of their mountain strongholds. They have a vague common feeling which is hardly homogeneous enough to be termed nationalism. For their isolation in separate mountain valleys has led to wide differences in their spoken Kurdish tongue and to constant intertribal rivalry and suspicion. Standard written Kurdish has hardly yet developed sufficiently to be used as a medium of higher education or of a widespread modern literature although Kurdish intellectuals in Baghdad and in Persian Kurdistan have already begun publishing magazines and books on their own language.

The Kurdish problem is one of economics and culture to which political separatism and aims of "national independence" can in the long run provide no answer. If political nationalism in Kurdistan can in the long run bring little benefit to the Kurds themselves, its value as a weapon of international intrigue in the Middle East has not gone unnoticed. Iraqi Kurdistan lies on the fringe of valuable oilfields of North Iraq. Suleimaniya is three hours drive along a narrow twisting road from the oil town of Kirkuk; and across the nearby Persian frontier the intrigue has already begun.

Kurdish Republic

The Kurds of Persia who had suffered from the combination of severity, exploitation and neglect which characterized the policy of the late Riza Shah towards most of Persia's tribal areas needed little encouragement to take the same course as Azerbaijan and set up a Kurdish "Democratic republic" in defiance of the Persian central government. They duly received such encouragement from the same source as the Azerbaijanis. The scattered Persian garrisons in the Kurdistan were disarmed or driven out and a Russian inspired Democrat party set up a government in the provincial capital of Mehabad under the leadership of Quadhi Mohammed. Reports from across the frontier indicate that the Mehabad regime is in a considerably more shaky position than that of Tabriz. The province is apparently beginning to suffer economically from its isolation from the rest of Persia. The tribal chiefs who had been in loose alliance with the Democrat committee in Mehabad are getting restive, and numerous Kurdish families who fled into Persia during last year's rebellion in Iraq, have recently been trickling back across the frontier to their old villages.

Quiet In Iraqi Kurdistan

As in the case of Azerbaijan the negotiations begun beween the Kurdish Democrat leaders and the Teheran Government for a political agreement have so far achieved no practical result The new Kurdish "Republic" is not without its admirers and sympathizers in Iraq. An Iraqi Kurd, the well known mulla Mustafa Barzani, who led last year's rebellion against the Iraqi Government and eventually escaped into Persia, is now reported to be "chief of staff" of the Democrat forces in Mehabad. But since the pacification of the Iraqi Kurds' rebellion, Iraqi Kurdistan has been quiet. Kurdish discontent here has never been as acute as in Persia or Turkey.

The development of the Kurdish language schools has been held up partly by lack of Kurdish-speaking teachers. At present children in primary schools are taught in Kurdish and also learn Arabic. In the intermediate schools and above lessons are conducted in Arabic. There are signs that the Iraqi Government is making greater efforts to improve conditions. The present minister of National Economy in the Iraqi Government is a Kurd named Baba Ali, the son of Sheikh Mohmoud,, one of the most prominent local chieftains of Kurdistan. The local governor of the Suleimaniya district is now a Kurd, and a capable young Kurdish agricultural expert is running the government experimental farm here.

River Plans

The Government has also drawn up ambitious plans for the construction of two dams on the rivers which run down from the Kurdish mountains into the Tigris. If these plans materialize, the dams will serve the double purpose of controlling the annual danger of the Tigris floods and of supplying irrigation water for the Kurdish foothills and plains.

If the Iraqi Government really press forward seriously with such reforms the Kurdish problem in Iraq may well be solved before outside interference can aggravate and distort it. A potential cause of disturbances to the peace of the Middle East would thereby be removed.